The Nation.

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The Week.

President Roosevelt and the Senators and Representatives who immediately follow his example in proposing measures to punish anarchists and end anarchism, illustrate the same difficulty which was encountered by the people who, directly after Mr. McKinley's assassination, demanded the passage of laws to "stamp out anarchism." "No man or body of men preaching anarchistic doctrines," says Mr. Roosevelt, "should be allowed at large," and he suggests the propriety of prohibiting the coming to this country of "anarchists or persons professing principles hostile to all government." Senator Burrows of Michigan has introduced a bill forbidding the landing of any "alien anarchist," and providing for the return to his native country of any alien who may slip in and is afterwards "found to be an anarchist." But all this is based on the assumption that an anarchist is as easily identifiable as a negro or a Chinaman. What makes a man an anarchist, and how shall an anarchist be "spotted"? Mr. Burrows apparently thinks that, in some cases at least, he may be detected by inspection of his body, as in the days of witchcraft. His bill provides that the investigation by immigration authorities which it authorizes may "even go to the extent of examining the persons of suspected aliens for marks indicative of membership in anarchistic societies." The presumption is that the Michigan Senator has heard of cases where members of anarchist societies have had some sign tattooed on their bodies which would "give them away." But anarchists would, of course, abandon this practice if they found that it got them into trouble. As for testing an alien's sentiments about anarchism by questioning him, the difficulty is that any man who disbelieves in government of any sort is likely to lie to a Government official. It is very hard to see how we can go far beyond punishing the man in this country who incites to the murder of officials and the forcible overthrow of government, and keeping out the man who has done the same thing in some other country.

Senator Burrows's proposition is outdone in absurdity by Senator Hoar's advocacy of an international scheme by which all countries having lawful governments should deport anarchists to some island, "where they could put their theories to the test." If the Massachusetts Senator were given to jesting, we might ascribe his speech on Thursday to a desire to show how ridiculous the current cures for anarchy really are. It is hardly possible to treat the suggestion seriously. Men who try to overthrow all governments are really either criminals or lunatics, and should be treated as such. The public opinion of no civilized nation would justify the treatment of criminals or lunatics in any such fashion as putting them on an island by themselves. No more will the public opinion of the world. The moral objections to the policy are conclusive, even if it were not obviously in itself wholly impracticable.

President Roosevelt has evidently been imposed upon. Among the nominations which he sent to the Senate on Monday was that of Henry D. Saylor of Pennsylvania for United States Consul at Dawson City, Yukon Territory, Canada. In the pressure of public business, Mr. Roosevelt doubtless looked no further into the application of Mr. Saylor for a place than to learn that he has been a member of the Pennsylvania Senate and has been endorsed by some people of standing in his State, as any office-seeker is pretty sure to be. The truth, however, is that he is one of the most disreputable politicians that the Quay machine ever developed, and that he was detected only a few years ago in an attempt to defraud the Treasury of his State. Exposure caused such a scandal that Quay feared to let Saylor run for reëlection in the close county which he represented, and decided to unload him upon the McKinley Administration. He was therefore endorsed by the machine for a place in the consular service. As soon as this scheme was made public, the business men of Philadelphia sent a committee to the White House to protest against such an appointment on moral grounds, and to tell the President that it "would be regarded as scandalous by the right-thinking people of Pennsylvania, and as a reward for reprehensible practices." Mr. McKinley promised the Business Men's League to give their protest "due consideration"; but when the Quay organization insisted upon the carrying out of the job, he yielded, and Saylor was nominated for Consul at Matanzas, Cuba, in October, 1897. The breaking out of the war with Spain, a few months later, deprived him of his place, and Mr. McKinley never gave him another.

A formal petition in behalf of reciprocity in trade has been presented to Congress by the Cuban delegates. They ask that Cuban sugar and molasses be admitted to the United States free of duty, and that other Cuban products be admitted "at one-half the rates of duty levied and collected under the tariff laws of the United States upon similar products of the most favored nation." In return for these concessions, they offer to admit all products of the United States at half the rates of duty levied and collected under the tariff laws of Cuba on similar products of the most favored nation. Probably these delegates have learned from our own favored producers the art of asking for twice as much as they expect to get, so that, when the business is taken in hand seriously, they may have an ample basis for compromise. Nobody expects that Cuban sugar will be admitted free of duty. Probably the Cuban delegates do not expect a reduction of more than 20 per cent. This would put their industry on a prosperous footing. If granted, it ought to be extended to the other West India Islands on the same reciprocal basis. In any event, the United States ought not to bind itself for all time to grant better terms to one foreign country than to others. Besides this, we have no interest in ruining our customers in the other countries south of us by giving a preponderant advantage to Cuba.

Gen. Chaffee's first annual report is not a very encouraging document, despite his praise of the military government of Manila and his belief that a majority of the inhabitants of the islands wish for peace. There is no assurance that, even where they desire the cessation of hostilities, the natives are really glad to accept American rule. Some hundreds of rebels, it appears, are still in arms, all efforts to bring about a general surrender in Southern Luzon having failed. Nowhere does Gen. Chaffee make use of language which confirms the view expressed by President Roosevelt in his message, that "the insurrection has become an affair of local banditti and marauders who deserve no higher regard than the brigands of portions of the Old World." Exactly the same language is used by Chamberlain and the most rabid supporters of the English Government about the Boers. Yet the English troops feel that it is a very respectable kind of guerrilla warfare with which they are contending, just as Gen. Chaffee speaks of his enemies as guerrillas. Two of the General's recommendations are quite opposed to the views of the Government. He urges that no further material reduction of troops be made before January 1, 1903, and opposes Gen. Corbin's plan of concentrating the troops in large bodies except in the vicinity of Manila. Gen. Chaffee also declares that there is but one sure way of ascertaining the progress of the people in self-government—by observation by the army.

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There was a meeting of the Chicago Branch of the American Transvaal League at the Auditorium on Sunday evening. Mr. Bourke Cockran delivered an address, which was listened to by an audience of 4,000. At the conclusion of his speech, Mr. Cockran expressed the opinion that President Roosevelt might put an end to the war in South Africa by a single word. "One word spoken to the English Ambassador or in the hearing of the English nation," he said, "would restore peace, establish justice, secure liberty to those burghers, promote enormously the prosperity of the human race, and bring immeasurable glory to the American nation. . . . Will Theodore Roosevelt improve this opportunity for himself, his country, and the whole human race?" We think that he will not. No President of the United States who holds that the Filipinos are banditti who must be put down with fire and sword, can offer any advice to a nation that holds the same opinion about the Boers. We have been glad to recognize in President Roosevelt's message to Congress a disposition to regard the future independence of the Philippines as an open question. He has said no word which commits him to the policy of holding a foreign race in subjection. He has held out some encouragement to those who regard such a policy as destructive of the principles of self-government. But there is still a long bridge to be crossed before he, or the American people as a whole, can set up for tutors to Great Britain in the science of Imperialism, or colonization, or conquest, or whatever name may be given to the doings in South Africa. Gov. Boutwell, or Herbert Welsh, or William J. Bryan, if occupying the Presidential chair, might say words to the British Ambassador which Mr. Roosevelt could not say, and never will say while we have an army hunting down the so-called banditti in Luzon and Samar.

Recent revelations of the costliness of the army transport service have revived the discussion as to whether this part of the Government service should not be under control of the navy, instead of being in the hands of the army. During the past year, over four millions of dollars were expended on the fleet of antiquated vessels bought in 1898 at prices far beyond their value. One of the largest, it appears from an official report, "carries practically no freight, requires constant repairs, and burns enormous quantities of coal, besides being too cumbersome." Very few of the fleet are suited for transports, the report declares. Moreover, there have been a number of accidents, and several complete wrecks, while some ships have been sold at but a tithe of their original cost. Under the circumstances the navy could hardly do worse, while English experience shows that the service would be in much better hands were trained naval officers in charge. It is altogether probable, however, that before this change can be made, the transport service will be abolished. The traffic between Cuba and Porto Rico has now been given to private companies, and Secretary Root, in his annual report, states his belief that the Government should not own and navigate a large passenger and freight fleet in competition with merchant steamers in time of peace.

There is not much more to be said at the present time, regarding the wild performances of Amalgamated Copper shares on the stock market, than that the whole episode illustrates in the strongest way the need of that publicity of accounts urged by President Roosevelt. The Copper Trust, as every one knows, has never published any report whatever. Even when its promoters asked the investing public, a year and a half ago, for $75,000,000 to use in buying up copper mines, nothing was said as to what the Trust already owned, or what was the earning power of the mines to which it held option or title. Nobody outside the management has at any time known, since then, what the Trust was actually earning. It was suspected in some quarters that the concern had been organized, like the famous Barnato Bank of 1895, as a convenient vehicle for "unloading" on the outside public, at extravagant prices, a collection of mining properties which had already begun to recede from the high-water mark of the period's prosperity. There was no way of verifying or refuting such assertions; all that the outside investor knew was that certain men were "in the company." Even in this regard, he could not know, of course, whether they were not cautiously climbing out.

That the Stock Exchange value of the shares of such a company should be cut in half within ten weeks of the first development of unfavorable bona-fide news, need hardly cause surprise. The question now is, how to prevent recurrence of such scandals, and it is not easy of answer. The Stock Exchange, which practically puts such securities in touch with the investor, has been appealed to in the matter, and some reform of methods here is doubtless possible. The Exchange lays down an excellent code of rules as to what a company must show when its shares apply for admission to the official list. But in the case of enterprises like the Copper Trust, it nullifies the whole of this precaution by providing another department, with equal facilities for trading, where no report whatever is required. Sooner or later, this rather naïve anomaly must be reformed; but, unfortunately, the reform cannot be retroactive. Statements of earnings cannot well be exacted from companies whose shares are already on the so-called "unlisted list," and it is doubtful if they could be required even in the listing of a block of newly issued shares by a company already represented on the list. The single safeguard left, apparently, is compulsory publicity, under the auspices of the Federal Government. To this, in our opinion, the situation must eventually reduce itself. Since the Amalgamated Copper episode, and the subsequent publication of the Steel Corporation's earnings, we do not believe that the plan will be seriously opposed by any properly and honestly conducted trade organization.

The Nebraska anti-Trust case has been finally closed by a decision of the Supreme Court of that State. The suit was brought by Attorney-General Smyth, who contended that the Standard Oil Company should be excluded from Nebraska on the ground that its business is illegal, under the acts passed in 1897. Those laws gave an elaborate definition of a Trust as "a combination of capital, skill, or acts by any person or persons" to control prices or monopolize industries, and made the organization of such Trusts a criminal conspiracy. As a penalty for violation of the acts, they imposed fines, and provided that the charters of domestic corporations should be forfeited, while foreign companies should be prohibited from doing business within the State. The outcome once more demonstrates the inefficiency of anti-Trust legislation, and it further illustrates the difficulty of getting evidence even from the books of the corporation itself, since the turning-point in the case was the investigation of the accounts of the Standard Oil Company by a referee. This inquiry resulted in a report recommending that the suit be dismissed, and the present decision is the necessary sequel to the referee's findings. No exceptions to the findings were filed.

"There are no Trusts," exclaimed Senator Hanna, a year ago, in a passion of indignation over what he called " a fictitious issue." It is apparently in this Hannian sense that Privy Councillor Goldberger of Berlin has declared that the German sugar Kartell, or combination, is not a Trust. It is not secret, he says; it does not include all sugar manufacturers, and its members "do not lose their financial independence." Of course it maintains prices, regulates production, receives a bounty from the Government, and keeps new factories from starting—but then, he ingenuously adds, what use in discussing these things? They are merely incidents in business organization. Herr Goldberger's argument takes on even more the aspect of a "business proposition" when he contends that foreigners have no cause for complaint, since they get their sugar cheaper because of the

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German combination. This sounds strangely like some of the discoveries of our Industrial Commission concerning foreign prices for American goods. German consumers do not worry over the conditions of American production because they get our goods cheap, so why should we not return the compliment? There may be some foolish people in Germany who are annoyed by the Trusts, but they belong to the same stupid class with Americans who want removal of protective duties on Trust-made products.

Dr. Paache, a member of the Reichstag, and one of the speakers on the new German Tariff Bill, is a professor in the University of Halle, and, therefore, ought to know better than to say that Germany must put herself in an attitude of defence against the American tariff policy. Apparently, he means by this that, if the United States enacts a prohibitory duty on German textiles, Germany can defend herself by increasing the duties on American food products. This policy is sometimes called retaliation, and sometimes patriotism, and sometimes simply defence. We in America know the value of words in concealing ideas on this subject, and we recognize Dr. Paache's dexterity in the use of them. We know also their real meaning as commonly employed in tariff debates. The only effect of the new German tariff is to change the distribution of the earnings of German producers, so that some persons shall get more and some less than they now get. This change affects mainly the laboring classes, because they are the great majority of the people. The special aim of the new German tariff is to make the laborers pay more for their food, but there is not a line in the proposed measure which promises to give them more work to do or more pay for what they are now doing. To call this scheme by the name of patriotism or of defence is a complete inversion of terms. Instead of defending German industry, it constitutes a deadly attack upon it. Instead of being a patriotic movement, it favors other nations, and especially England in her rivalry with Germany as a manufacturing and exporting country. As for retaliation, nobody in the United States will feel the blow half so much as Germany herself if she passes the pending bill.

The enthusiasm called forth by Herr Bebel's speech on the new German tariff on Thursday shows what a powerful weapon the new bill has placed in the hands of the Social Democrats. Even if the proposed tariff should benefit the agricultural laborer, as it pretends to do, the result would be merely to tax 85 per cent. of the population for the advantage of the 15 per cent. who work the soil. Herr Bebel, however, was correct in maintaining that the advantage would accrue to the land-owner, and not to the farm laborer, since there would be nothing to compel landlords to pay out their larger profits in the shape of higher wages. His contention that the condition of German agriculture is, if anything, better than formerly, although he adduced some striking facts in support of it, is perhaps not so sound as his argument concerning the effects of the tax. The Government's defence of the tariff as a weapon to be used in securing favorable commercial treaties is misleading, since little short of a national uprising could secure the withdrawal of such special favors when once granted. Moreover, the effectiveness of the bill as a measure of retaliation is a hypocritical pretence.

The erection of a monument upon Heine's grave at Paris has been a spontaneous and enthusiastic, if somewhat tardy, tribute by French men of letters to the illustrious exile who passed his later years in Paris. The fact that practically all attempts to pay honor to the memory of Heine in Germany have been thwarted, by either official opposition or religious intolerance, seems to show that there was something temperamentally un-German in the most brilliant writer that Germany has produced; for it is impossible to believe that resentment of his satire is still a living issue. Possibly the grievance against Heine is not merely that he was in some respects un-German, but that he was more than German. He was, in fact, the most cosmopolitan writer that Germany has ever produced, and a cosmopolitan writer is never fully honored in a nationalistic community. It should be remembered that, in spite of the admirable educational facilities of the nation, and the uncommon knowledge of foreign tongues which its people possess, the German temperament remains irreducibly German. Germans annex certain territories of foreign literature for the intellectual profit of the nation, but they rarely wander at random in the foreign field for the sheer pleasure of that kind of journeying. The dilettantism and tolerance of a Heine are genuinely antipathetic to so stalwart a nationalism. He will remain an especial delight to a small class of Germans, as he will to the reading world at large; but even while they sing his songs, his fellow-countrymen will feel, and perhaps justly, that he is so unlike themselves that honor to him could be paid only as to a distinguished foreigner. He certainly is more at home in Paris, where he lies, and where people delight to honor him.

It remains to be seen whether the dispatch from Paris announcing that the appointment of M. Lucien Guitry to the stage-managership of the Théâtre-Français has restored peace to that institution will be justified by later developments. When the jealousies of actors have once been aroused, it is generally a long time before they are quieted. There is no more susceptible, vain, or suspicious class in the world. But it is plain that the meditated rebellion of the *sociétaires* against M. Claretie, the Director, has been nipped in the bud very effectually, and it is not likely that anything more will be heard of it for some time to come, at all events. The abilities of M. Guitry as a stage-manager are more or less uncertain, but, as he took the second prize for tragedy at the Conservatory twenty years ago, and has since then won high reputation as an actor at the Odéon, the Gymnase, and other theatres, as well as in the support of Sarah Bernhardt, it is only reasonable to suppose that he understands his business pretty thoroughly. As for M. Claretie, he can now devote all his energies to the choice of good plays, which the company will have to act, in accordance with his direction. This is as it should be. He and the Théâtre-Français are to be congratulated upon his notable victory.

The Compulsory-Arbitration Bill has been finally approved in New South Wales. It modifies the New Zealand system in several important respects. Any inefficiency of compulsory arbitration as there applied has been attributed to the mildness of the act. No such complaint can now be made in New South Wales. The weak and quarrelsome boards of conciliation are abandoned, and the sole and ultimate power of deciding labor disputes is vested in a Court of Arbitration, to which disputes are to be carried directly. Furthermore, New South Wales does not, like New Zealand, leave any loopholes for private labor controversies. Strikes and lockouts are prohibited by the act, and even the suspension of industry in order to remove a dispute from the jurisdiction of the court is made a misdemeanor, punishable by a heavy fine or by imprisonment. It would be hard to imagine more inclusive powers than those vested in the Court of Arbitration. It may practically determine its own authority in concrete cases, prescribe its own rules of procedure, investigate the business of firms and individuals, and, at any time, vary its own decisions and reopen any dispute. No body of men could more closely approach the authority of an earthly Providence. It need hardly be said that the act is most favorable to the trade-unions, or, as they are called, "industrial unions." Individual laborers have practically no standing before the Court, and it is even provided that minimum wages may be fixed, and that the members of unions may be given preference in all cases over non-union men who apply for work. This statute will at least put the theory of compulsory arbitration to a thorough test.

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THE CRIME OF TOUCHING THE TARIFF.

The Republicans at Washington are rapidly working themselves into a frame of mind about the tariff comparable only to that state of nervous dread which afflicted the Democracy, and, indeed, nearly the whole country, in connection with the agitation against slavery from 1833 to 1860. Now as then we have, or are told that we have, a sacrosanct law against which it is a crime to breathe, and which it is almost treason to attempt to modify or repeal. As the old man eloquent, John Quincy Adams, found that even the right of petition must be denied, on the ground that it would "open" the slavery question, about which it was the duty of every patriot to keep for ever mum, so now the most glaring injustices of the tariff, even its provisions that prevent us from honorably and humanely keeping our promises to the Cubans, must not be touched, because to touch them would be to "open" the tariff question. At the sound of these words there rise up before the affrighted vision of Republicans, as Mill said in reference to talk of disestablishment of the English Church, "images of rapine, violence, plunder, and every sentiment of abhorrence which would be excited by a proposal to take away from an individual the earnings of his toil or the inheritance of his fathers."

This spirit of fear has been impressed even on a courageous President. His message regards tariff revision as a kind of calamity from which all Christian folk will pray the good Lord to deliver them. How about Mr. Babcock's bill to remove tariff protection from Trusts that sell their goods cheaper to the foreigner than to the favored consumer in the blessed "home market"? Is not that a simple measure of social justice? Yes, but, you see, that would be to "open" the tariff! and the opening of Pandora's box did not let loose more evils than we should see following so reckless a proceeding. So of doing something for the Cubans, so of reducing taxes. We are told that it is all very sad, that we really ought to provide a market for Cuban products, that we ought to cut down the surplus by cutting down taxes, but there is the sacred tariff in the way, and who so impious as to propose to take away one jot or tittle of that?

It has its comic aspects, this treating the tariff as a kind of Mumbo Jumbo, which will bring nameless woes upon you if you touch it irreverently; but the obsession is real enough and serious enough in many honest minds. No one can doubt that President Roosevelt is perfectly sincere in thinking a "general revision of the tariff" a thing to shrink from as from the plague. He recalls, we presume, the McKinley tariff and the political disasters that followed it, and the Wilson tariff with the troubles that came after, and agrees with the timid Republicans who flock to the White House to say, "No more of that, an thou lovest me!" Yet a little reflection will show that a tariff law is no more exempt from the frailties of human legislation than any other measure. Tariffs always have needed revision, and always will. Their framers are neither omniscient nor infallible. They cannot legislate for the unknown future. Conditions change, trade shifts, the incidence of taxation alters, new devices to thwart the tariff or to profit by it are discovered, the needs of revenue change, international relations and foreign commerce take on new aspects of dependence upon tariff revision, and it is absurd to suppose that we cannot modify a law made to fit other times and other circumstances. No such old man of the sea, in the shape of a tariff law that altereth not, can be allowed to impede the free play of a nation's expanding energies.

The case is different, of course, if the tariff is not an honest law, honestly in the public interest. If it is a bundle of favoritisms, a combination of bargains, a resultant of log-rolling and selfish interest striking hands with selfish interest, then, indeed, we can understand why it must not be touched. One part of an edifice propped up by swindling agreements cannot be taken away without bringing the whole to the ground. And the old familiar threats we already hear once more about making the grass grow in the streets of manufacturing cities if the McKinley treaties of reciprocity are ratified, or if the duties on hides or wool or sugar are touched, unpleasantly remind us that there is only too much truth in the theory of the tariff as a covenant between its beneficiaries, not one clause of which can be repealed without a loss of honor among—protectionists.

Now it is exactly this suspicious view of the tariff which the Republicans will do their best to foster if they continue in their present attitude of hare-like timidity in respect to any tariff changes. People will not be put off by the official sighs of regret that the confessed blemishes of the tariff cannot be removed. Would the duties on steel and iron have been placed at the Dingley figure if it had been foreseen that a great Steel Trust would arise to sell goods cheaper to Englishman and German than to the American? Surely not. Then why cannot the blunder be now retraced? Western Republicans, clear-eyed citizens, everywhere, are not to be told, as if they were children, that this needless and abused protection to the Steel Trust cannot be taken away. Only a bill of a few lines would be necessary. Why would this necessarily "open" the whole tariff? Why, unless it is true that the Dingley tariff was a great grab by special interests, possible only because they agreed to pool their demands, and stable only as long as each one's plunder remains intact? We do not assert at this time that such is an accurate description of the Dingley tariff; but we do affirm that, if the Republicans continue to kotow before it in their present cowardly and slavish fashion, this will be the idea of the nature and end of all tariffs which will become fixed in the popular mind.

Mere self-interest and self-respect should prompt the Republican party to shake off the contemptible paralysis, as respects tariff amendment, which it professes itself unable to escape. It cannot afford to appear bound in fetters of its own forging. It cannot desire, by a stupid persistence in its alleged helplessness, to create a soul even under the ribs of death in the Democratic party, and see itself turned out of power for not having used its power for the general good. The times clearly call for tariff modifications. They are needed to do justice at home and secure trade abroad, as also to reduce a dangerously swollen revenue. And every day's delay to urge and secure them is, for the Republicans, to deposit just so much more in what Burke called the "bank of discontent," upon which every political opponent may "draw at pleasure."

THE NEW TREATY.

The surest way to measure the significance of the new Hay-Pauncefote treaty is to compare it with the old one, and with the form of the old one, as amended by the Senate, which Great Britain rejected. We may say, briefly, that all three aim at the same great object—a neutral canal to be used on equal terms by the ships of commerce and of war of all nations; that the changes of phraseology successively made look only to the manner of guaranteeing this fundamental principle; and that the agreement finally reached reveals the ordinary give-and-take of diplomatic adjustment. There is no "backdown," as there is no sweeping victory, on either side. Sensible representatives of two sensible nations have simply devised a form of words to cover the end which both have at heart.

The first Hay-Pauncefote treaty was, in effect, a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. One of the Senate amendments brusquely declared, in reference to the latter, "which Convention is hereby superseded." To this, Lord Lansdowne made the perfectly sound objection that no "international contract of unquestionable validity ought to be abrogated or modified, save with the consent of both the parties to the contract." Accordingly, we have now the orderly supersession of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty set down in Article I. of the new treaty as that to which "the high contracting parties agree." The Senate gets what it wanted, but gets it in the

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way that the British Foreign Secretary indicated as the only proper way.

One of the famous Senate amendments is quietly dropped, as it should have been. We refer to the paragraph which the Senate added to section 5 of Article II., to wit: "It is agreed that none of the immediately foregoing conditions and stipulations . . . shall apply to measures which the United States may find it necessary to take for securing by its own forces the defence of the United States and the maintenance of public order." Such vague language has no place in a treaty. If it was intended to take away with one hand what was given with the other—that is, the real neutrality of the canal—it should have been so stated in explicit terms. If it was only meant that, in case of war, the United States might defend itself to the utmost of its ability, that was a matter of course, and needed no clause of a treaty to make it certain. All this is left out of the new instrument.

The Senate has its way, however, in the leaving out also of the third Article of the original treaty, agreeing to invite the adhesion of other Powers to the canal convention. There is the less reason for such a provision now since the joint guarantee of neutrality has been exchanged for the individual guarantee of the United States. This is the most marked change of all. Before, the United States and Great Britain agreed together to guarantee that any Isthmian canal should be open to all the world on equal terms; at present, the United States agrees with Great Britain that it will, on its own responsibility, adopt and enforce rules securing neutrality and equality. It is our own affair now. With England out of it, there is no reason to ask other nations to come in.

The old clause prohibiting fortifications commanding the canal has been dropped. That does not mean, however, that forts are now permitted. The one military right specifically granted to the United States is that of maintaining a "military police along the canal to protect it against lawlessness and disorder." By a well-known rule of judicial construction, this specific grant would be held to bar out any not mentioned. Besides, in section 2 of Article III. of the new treaty, the United States definitely agrees that "the canal shall never be blockaded, nor shall any right of war be exercised within it." This would preclude forts, or at any rate the use of them. It is absurd, therefore, to suppose that they will ever be built. The only defence of the canal possible, in case of war, is a naval defence. This is now well settled, and we should hear no more talk about fortifications.

One entirely new Article—the fourth—appears in the latest treaty. It provides that "no change of territorial sovereignty or of international relations of the country or countries traversed by the canal shall affect the general principle of neutralization, or the obligation of the high contracting parties under the present treaty." The need for this is obvious. It is a necessary consequence of the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. By Article I. of that treaty the United States bound itself never to "occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America." That restriction being now removed, it was vitally important for Great Britain to obtain a guarantee that, in case the territory through which the canal is to run should ever come under the sovereignty of the United States, the right of English ships freely and equitably to use the waterway (which would then be domestic property of the United States) should never be impaired.

All told, the treaty is admirably designed to secure the ends aimed at by both parties to it, and the manner of its drafting should quiet most of the old cavilling opposition. There will doubtless arise a few alarmed patriots to scent mysterious dangers in the new document, as they did in the old. And the breed of American politicians who object to any agreement with England simply because it is an agreement with England, is not yet wholly extinct. But we believe that the Administration is justified in its confidence that the opposition will amount to nothing, and that the treaty will be speedily ratified. It ought to be, as promotive both of good relations with Great Britain, which should be a prime object of our national policy, and of an Isthmian canal, which the American people are determined to have. Opponents of the treaty may, therefore, be classed as either haters of England or enemies of a canal.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

The principal features of Secretary Gage's report this year are a recommendation for a reduction of taxes to the amount of $50,000,000, and one for a change in the currency system by a modification of existing requirements for the security of bank-note issues.

The reason for the reduction of taxes is that the public revenues for the current fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, are estimated to show a surplus of $100,000,000 over expenditures for the same period. These facts are rather grudgingly set forth by the Secretary. Apparently he would rather have the whole amount of this surplus than the half of it which he desires to retain, not because he has any use for it, but because it is very comfortable for the person who pays the Government's expenses to have a large pile of money in sight. Here was an opportunity for some wholesome instruction to Congress and the people on the dangers of an overflowing Treasury in the way of promoting extravagance, jobbery, and corruption in public life, but Mr. Gage did not see fit to use his opportunity. He could not have done so very consistently when advocating as he does the policy of "navigation bounties," otherwise ship subsidies, which he seeks to minimize, however, by saying that they "need not in any year exceed the total cost of a couple of battle-ships." The last Congress considered Mr. Gage's plans for revenue reduction much too conservative. It made a much heavier cut in the taxes than he recommended, and yet did not cut deeply enough. It is to be hoped that the present Congress will supply the shortcomings of its predecessor and those of the Secretary also.

Mr. Gage introduces his plan of currency reform with a prefatory treatise on the principles of banking, which is entirely sound and perhaps not longer than needful to explain to uninstructed readers the reasons for the change which he proposes. In brief, the explanation is that a bank is an apparatus for swapping credit rather than for lending money; that its chief function is to supply the means for transferring property without the actual handling of money; that the means consist of credits transferable in part by checks and in part by notes; and that the checks and the notes are identical in substance, although differing in form. The law sees no objection to the extension of bank credits by means of checks, subject to a certain amount of cash reserve, the custody of which is left to the banker himself. But when the credit takes the form of circulating notes, the law says that the banker must deposit security of a particular kind with the Treasurer of the United States to the par value of the notes. This security is obtainable only in limited quantity, and is constantly diminishing. It is so costly that the advantage of note-issuing, as compared with other investments, is considerably less than 1 per cent. per annum. No banker can buy Government bonds, deposit them in the Treasury, and take out circulation with the hope of making a profit of more than seventy-hundredths of 1 per cent. over and above what he could make by lending the same money on mortgage security. In other words, the profit to bankers is not sufficient to warrant them in increasing their note issues.

This is not the whole story. Government bonds are a diminishing quantity. The fact that they will wholly disappear within a measurable time has been often advanced by economists as a reason for taking timely measures to supply a bank-note currency on different principles; but men in responsible positions in public life have manifested great reluctance to grapple with that problem. Mr. Gage is the first one, we believe, to face it squarely. He says that

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we must look forward to an increasing population with a diminishing paper circulation, and asks how the difficulty and the incongruity can be met. To increase the amount of Government legal-tender notes is not to be thought of. On the contrary, the existing ones ought to be retired, and the Secretary proposes a plan by which this end may be reached simultaneously with an enlargement of the bank currency.

The plan which he proposes is that any bank which shall deposit with the Treasurer of the United States 30 per cent. of its capital in the form of United States bonds and 20 per cent. in greenbacks, shall have the right to issue circulating notes to an amount not exceeding its paid-up and unimpaired capital. In addition to the deposited security of 50 per cent., the plan provides that all banks which issue notes shall contribute a sum equal to one-eighth of 1 per cent. of their capital as a guarantee fund for the protection of the notes of all the banks in the system. Whenever a bank fails, the sum needed for the prompt redemption of its outstanding notes, over and above the 50 per cent. of deposited security, shall be taken from the guarantee fund, and when the assets of the failed bank are distributed, the amount taken from the fund shall be restored, so far as the assets will go. The note-holders are not preferred creditors of the bank, except that they have a first and exclusive lien on the 50 per cent. of bonds and greenbacks originally deposited. What would have been the actual results of a system of this kind if it had been adopted at the beginning of the national banking system has been computed by the Actuary of the Treasury, who finds that not only would there have been no loss to note-holders by bank failures, but there would now be in the guarantee fund the sum of $27,421,950.

Mr. Gage's plan is a modification or variation of the plan which is commonly described as "banking on assets," meaning the issue of bank-notes against the general credit of the banks. The Secretary adopts this idea in principle, but would require at the beginning bank issues to be secured absolutely, to the extent of 50 per cent. of their volume. Even this is probably farther than Congress is prepared to go at present, but the time is ripe for a more general discussion of the proposed change than it has yet received, and Mr. Gage is entitled to much credit for having given a fresh impetus to it.

FRIEDRICH ALBRECHT WEBER.

Born nearly a generation after Lassen and Burnouf, Albrecht Weber for half a century has been one of that German triumvirate to whom Sanskrit scholars in all lands have given the place earned by ability and age. Boehtlingk still keeps his wonderful vigor, but Roth is gone, and now Weber has died (on December 1) in his seventy-sixth year, with his latest 'Vedische Beiträge' still fresh from the press; a man whose place none other is ready to fill.

For it was characteristic of Weber's scholarship that it alone covered the whole ground of that immense literature which began a thousand years or more before the Christian era, and was still growing a thousand years after that era. In this his genius was more akin to that of Boehtlingk than to that of Roth, the Vedic specialist. A Sanskrit specialist he was always, but there is nothing narrow in a scholarship which touched and illuminated at all points so great a literature as that of India. This is shown most clearly in his 'History of Sanskrit Literature,' a work which, while it lacks all literary charm (for Weber did not possess the gift of expression), became from the time of its publication, just fifty years ago, the standard book of reference for the history of the whole literature. So, in his occasional publications, he glided easily from a raking critique of a Vedic text to an incisive review of a classical drama, always clear-headed, commanding, and, it must be added, ruthless, in judgment. For the general reader he was too dry; for the confrères who came under his caustic criticism he was too withering; popular he could never be, but he was well hated and always compelled admiration. One of his victims is said to have died of chagrin after Weber had "noticed" his book, and there were probably few who felt much affection for the hand that chastened them. But, for all that, his own work was so superb that they were glad to come under his patronizing commendation, and forgive him his *offenes Wort* if, at a later date, they could cite his opinion for support in some new venture of ideas. Even Max Müller, though he depreciated him, was unable to ignore him, and continued sedulously to court his approbation. But, while Weber had many foes, he had many firm friends, and these were the best scholars of the time; those already named as his peers and our own Whitney, among others.

Weber's great technical achievement was the edition of the White Yajur Veda, the Vedic work next in importance to the Rig Veda, the latter being published in the *editio princeps* of his friend Aufrecht a couple of years after the completion of Weber's ten years' labor (1859). But this was only the beginning of his work. The seventeen volumes of the 'Indische Studien' are chiefly from his hand, and, besides these, he has a wealth of observation and new material in the supplementary *Skizzen* and *Streifen*, putting as much new matter into an ordinary review as an ordinary reviewer could put into a book, should he write one. Full forty years were spent on his superb 'Catalogue of Sanskrit Manuscripts,' and he also edited and translated various classical texts. Of late years he had been publishing a series of *Beiträge*, concerned chiefly with Vedic text-critique. His style was atrocious, even for a German, and his pet weakness was vain etymologizing and playing with words. His last paper, for example, published this year, gravely proclaims that surds are used to express hard ideas, and sonants, soft ideas; whence *pat*, *πέτομαι*, means 'fly,' which is hard, but *pad*, the root of *pes*, means 'walk,' which is easy! This, however, was rather an amusement than a business with him, and it always seemed as if he took his own etymologies with as little seriousness as did Plato.

The old man led a true scholar's life. Buried in his library all day till the lecture-hour, which he put at as inconvenient a time as possible, thereby (to his great satisfaction) dissuading many courses out of existence, he would rush out of his house at the last minute, and go whirling up the avenue with coat-tails flying and a slouch hat jammed close over his one eye, dash into the lecture-room, drop into his chair, begin "Meine Herren" before his notes were ready, ask two questions of interpretation, and then, with a grunt (generally of disapproval), fling himself back and begin to talk, answering his own questions, disputing his own previous interpretations with as much vigor as he did those of others, and genially spending an hour on a single line of text. This was his daily routine till Saturday afternoon, which he gave up to his family and to a frolic. In summer especially he dearly loved an excursion, and would tramp about in the woods for hours, followed by a line of colleagues and students and his own children, leading the march, the singing, and the drinking, till evening brought him back to his study. Though a ferocious antagonist, he was very chivalrous in his way, and, in the presence of his students, always spoke with the greatest respect of those he so bitterly assailed, as if to say, "Ye are not yet of the initiate, and all work is good when done for Sanskrit." On one occasion a presumptuous student asked him about Haug, that Sanskrit Keats whose life was snuffed out by one of Weber's extinguishing critiques. The old man stared for a moment, and then lifted his hat; "Ein ausgezeichneter Gelehrte," was his sole reply.

While it is true that Weber did nothing to popularize the study of Sanskrit, for even his 'History of Literature' is scarcely readable for one not a Sanskrit scholar, and for that reason won no popular applause, his record as a scientific writer places him on a lasting eminence. His work was essentially that of an investigator. He hewed out blocks for others to chip at and build with, but it was he, too, who found the blocks. Owing partly to his political principles, and partly to the fact that his work appealed to few, he was not honored at court, and on state occasions could show only one medal. Yet there were not many of the more decorated scholars in his company who could claim to have done work half so great as his, either in extent or in importance. But it is the lot of Orientalists to be perforce content with the medal of a good conscience and their colleagues' approval.

THE "IPHIGENEIA" IN ATHENS.

ATHENS, November 15, 1901.

The opportunity of seeing a classic play is no longer rare at Athens. In 1896 was called into existence a Society whose sole aim is to rehabilitate the ancient drama and to render it familiar to the Athenians of to-day. The founders of the Society are Professors Mistriotes and Antoniades. Dr. Mark Sigalas, the only teacher of elocution in all Greece, trains the amateur actors. These amateurs are University students mostly. Miss Apostolou,

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who for the last three years has taken part, is a graduate of the Arsakeion, a girls' academy. After having appeared on former occasions as *Elektra* and as *Iokaste*, she now represents the priestly heroine in Euripides's Tauric "Iphigeneia," the play which the Society has selected for this year. Three performances have already been given, and three more are arranged for. The last of these will take place in springtime, so as to profit by the presence of the tourists who always visit Athens at that season. The following notes and reflections were occasioned by the performances of November 9 and 14.

If the reasons for reproducing an ancient Greek play be purely and exclusively antiquarian, then much can be said against the performances given at Athens. Advocates of strict antiquarian accuracy contend that a modern reproduction of such a play should be, as far as possible, merely a repetition of the original performance, with all its conventional setting, and even with the imperfections of the stage and drama of those days. From an artistic point of view, such imitative performances might be quite absurd. Moreover, they are beyond the present resources and desires of Mistriotes and his philo-classic associates. The Society, either intentionally or by happy fate, pursues a method which shows that its ideal of a perfect representation of an old play would be such as is best consistent with the play itself considered as a production of literary art. According to this view, it is not necessary to introduce cothurns and masks so as to conform to the stage customs of the days of Euripides, but it is absolutely necessary to represent the characters of the drama in a manner as true as possible to their office and actions as presented in the text. It would be better to dress *Iphigeneia* and the other personages in accordance with the practice of the Mycenæan age than to drape them in robes similar to those which they wore when this play was first produced. In other words, the Society, in reproducing these classic dramas, follows the rules laid down for the presentation of any other drama. But their success in detail is not as praiseworthy as is their unconscious principle.

For an antiquarian representation, a theatre built in conformity with Dörpfeld's doctrine of theatrical structures would be most suitable; and Greeks who sigh for such representations should hope for the generosity of some rich benefactor furnishing the necessary funds for the restoration of the ruined theatre of Dionysus on the south slope of the Acropolis. But, for artistic representations, the ordinary modern theatres of to-day are not unsuitable, seeing that by richer scenery and more perfect machinery the setting can be made much more correct and more attractive, to us at least, than was possible in the days of Euripides. It should not, however, be demanded that the setting be entirely consistent with the text and with historic accuracy. There must always be more or less of a compromise between the requirements of the drama and of actual truth.

It is on the ordinary stage of the Demotic theatre here that the "Iphigeneia" is being performed. Only one scene is required, for the entire action takes place before the temple of Artemis on the shore of the Euxine. This temple, which occupies the rear corner of the right side of the stage, is a Doric structure of late pattern, in no way recalling the Mycenæan period of architecture. The spaces between the triglyphs were left open so as to account for Orestes's remark that Pylades and he might stealthily enter the temple through these window-like apertures. Close to the temple is a blood-besprinkled altar, where the human victims used to be sacrificed to Artemis. Back of the temple are cliffs leading down to the sea.

From the beginning to the end of the play the actors enunciated their lines in a violent, grandiose style, not easily avoided in a language in which emphasis and tone are less necessary than in uninflected languages, and in which the value of each word is apt to be sufficiently evident simply from its position in the sentence. The actor who speaks Greek lines, not being obliged, by certain conventional colorings, to make the meaning clear and to show the grammatical construction of the words, is entirely free to use or misuse his voice in intoning or almost chanting his phrases, as Italian orators often do, or in pompous declamation. Correct elocution, when it is question of a Greek speaking to Greeks, is quite different from what this same high art is when applied to the English language. Unfortunately, the modern Greeks have no practical way of enunciating with accuracy the mellifluous metres of the ancient verses. They cannot adopt our system of indicating the poetic feet by using accents for that purpose, because, in order not to make a hopeless jumble of their language, they have to allow the accents to remain undisturbed on the accented syllables, regardless of the metre; and to indicate the poetic measures solely by the proper observance of long and short syllables is practically even more impossible to a Greek than it is to us. It may be that the Greeks are logical enough in sacrificing metre to accent, but their logic is not apparent at a glance to foreigners.

In order to render the choric odes properly, the Society annually offers a small monetary reward and heaps of verbal honors to the composer of the most suitable music for them. The condition imposed upon contestants is that they respect the ancient prosody, and that their compositions be either original or adaptations of the melodies of the traditional songs of the modern Greek people. The music which won the prize for the choric songs of the "Iphigeneia" was written by a native of Constantinople, Dr. Pachtikos. He has travelled much through Greek countries, collecting remnants of folk songs, and declares that this popular music has preserved the ancient scales, and that by studying it we may greatly improve our knowledge of the ancient modes. It was on these native melodies and on the canons of Byzantine church-song that he based his music for the "Iphigeneia." He arranged it for three sets of voices, asserting that, even if harmony was unknown to the ancient composers, it ought nevertheless to be now admitted into the music of these odes. But the rules of harmony which he applies are those of Byzantine music, which are not precisely at one with those known and accepted in ordinary European musical science.

The singing was performed by a chorus of girls from the Arsakeion Academy. They had been trained to sing their parts with sufficient accuracy; but the grand spectacular movements, the entrance march, the steps and evolutions and gestures which were so closely in harmony with the voice in the execution of such odes, and which assisted so powerfully in showing the rhythm of verses and stanzas, were all missing. Likewise, the music did not emphasize the metre strongly enough. It is not impossible to forgive the loss of the trimetric swing in the recited iambic lines of the dialogue, but the listener is sorry to witness any fault in the musical time of the choric systems. It was by hearing these odes that the ancient Greeks learned their intricate rhythm, and the audiences of Euripides—just as clumsy as we, were they to try to learn these lines correctly by reading them in a book—had the easy pleasure of becoming acquainted with them by hearing them sung. Those of us who happen to go to hear a Greek play always expect the same easy pleasure; but such expectation is usually, here in Greece, doomed to at least partial disappointment.

It has been my fortune to see the *deus ex machina* in several plays, but perhaps never with such freedom from absurdity and with such pleasing effect as in the closing scene of these performances, in which one of the Arsakid students enacted the part of *Athena*. She was quite a little goddess, however, reminding one of the noted Barbakeian statuette rather than of one of the colossal deities which an old master such as Pheidias would present. Her divinity was pretty rather than sublime, but the presence of divinity of any kind is something soothing, and on this occasion the spectators were delighted.

DANIEL QUINN.

THE WIFE OF JUNOT.—I.

PARIS, November 20, 1901.

M. Joseph Turquan puts forth a sequel to the series of volumes he has already published on the ladies of the period of the First Empire. 'Générale Bonaparte,' 'Empress Josephine,' 'Napoleon's Sisters,' 'Queen Hortense,' 'Citoyenne Tallien,' 'Stéphanie de Beauharnais' are the titles of his preceding volumes. He now gives us the history of the wife of General Junot, the Duchess d'Abrantès, from, he says, her *journal intime*, her letters and inedited papers. Madame d'Abrantès herself published, at the end of her life, voluminous Memoirs, which made a great noise at the time, and which are still read. They can hardly be ranked among the historical documents of the time of the Empire, for they contain many errors, and are not inspired, in many parts, by a pure love of truth. They can be consulted only with care, but they throw a vivid light on many historical characters; they read in some places like an amusing novel, in others like a curious psychological study. M. Aubert, the grandson of the Duchess d'Abrantès, placed, we are informed, at the disposal of M. Turquan all the documents he possessed relating to his grandmother. The Viscount de Spœlberch de Lovenjoul (who has an immense collection of manuscripts on our time, chiefly of authors belonging to the Romantic school) authorized M. Turquan to publish the fragments which he possesses of a manuscript of the Duchess, which he entitles "journal intime."

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M. Turquan owes also to M. de Lovenjoul some letters from Madame d'Abrantès to Balzac, who was her great friend. The "journal intime" gives the details of Junot's liaison with the Grand Duchess of Berg, a sister of Napoleon, and of Madame Junot's liaison with Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador; it is, so to speak, a double confession. M. Turquan defends himself against the imputation of revealing indiscreetly all he found in this "journal intime." All that concerns the Duchess d'Abrantès, he says, belongs to history; and her reputation cannot suffer much, after all that has been said about her in the memoirs of the time and in the 'Mémorial de St.-Hélène."

Laura de Permon was born on the 6th of November, 1784, at Montpellier. Her father was a contractor for the French army during the American war; he was a "receveur de finance," and married a lady belonging to a Greek family established in Corsica. Mme. de Permon was said to descend from the illustrious family of Comnenus. M. de Permon was on the point of buying the office of "fermier-général" when the Revolution put an end to his project. He was fortunate enough to pass unperceived through the days of the Terror. After the 9th Thermidor, Mme. de Permon reopened a salon, and surrounded herself with those of her friends who had not emigrated, and with her Corsican friends—among them the young Gen. Bonaparte and Saliceti, deputy from Bastia. The young Laura de Permon, very handsome, like her mother, became acquainted with Bonaparte, who often came, after he had become the hero of the 13th Vendémiaire, accompanied by Junot, one of his aides-de-camp. The Duchess d'Abrantès wrote afterwards that Bonaparte wished to marry her mother, because she was a Comnenus, in the hope that this name would help him in the great plans he was forming for the East. Mme. de Permon had become a widow. Her husband lost all his fortune in the Revolution, and she was not at all inclined to marry a general who was extremely poor at the time, and whom she had been accustomed to consider as her inferior in a social point of view. There seems, accordingly, to have been an estrangement after this period between Mme. de Permon and Bonaparte, which lasted some time.

Madame de Permon went, with her daughter Laura, to the great banquet given by Talleyrand to Gen. Bonaparte on his return from Italy. Bonaparte shook hands with her and complimented her on her daughter. After the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte rose to the highest place in France, and became the arbiter of her destinies. Laura de Permon felt much admiration for him, and when Gen. Junot, one of his aides, made her an offer of marriage, she was delighted at the idea of entering the Court of the First Consul, the momentary idol of France. Junot had accompanied Bonaparte to Italy and Egypt; he had been a prisoner in England for a little while in 1800, but had been exchanged and was Military Governor of Paris. He was fanatically devoted to Bonaparte, who wished him to take a wife to "make himself older by ten years," and to give great receptions, since these receptions given by the first dignitaries of the Republic were a part of his programme. Junot was young, fond of pleasure, handsome, but without distinction. Mlle. de Permon was only sixteen years old. She modestly says of herself at that age: "I was not at all handsome; I may afterwards have grown not disagreeable, but I then offered only the aspect of a pale girl, suffering, very dark, and with an habitually sad expression of physiognomy." Madame de Permon insisted upon having a religious marriage in addition to the civil marriage. Junot objected at first, but Bonaparte decided him to accept this condition, if the Permon family would have it, but to consent to a religious ceremony only at night. "There was as yet," says M. Turquan, "no question of the Concordat, and, if the First Consul was thinking of it, he did not find that times were ripe for religious liberty." Bonaparte gave to Laura de Permon a *dot* of 100,000 francs, and 40,000 francs for what is called the *corbeille* (jewels, clothes, etc.).

Madame Junot became a member of the Consular Court and a frequent inmate of Malmaison. The First Consul, we are told, was at times a little too attentive to her; but she would not satisfy his caprice, and to Bonaparte's resentment she partly attributed the disgrace into which Junot afterwards fell. Junot was a very unfaithful husband. We must never forget, when we read the history of the Empire, that the comrades of Napoleon—even those who became Marshals and Kings—were uneducated men. They personified the class of soldiers to be found in every army, for whom personal bravery constitutes the only ideal. Bonaparte himself appears at times, even after he has become the arbiter of Europe, the successor of the Cæsars, as one of those heroes who pride themselves on a certain sort of coarseness and vulgarity. Junot was essentially the type of the brave soldiers who abounded in the armies of the Revolution and of the Empire. Madame Junot suffered at first from his infidelities, but she soon constructed a philosophy of life suited to her circumstances. After the coronation of the Emperor, Junot was sent as Ambassador to Portugal, which was for him almost an exile. He was allowed to leave Portugal when Napoleon began a new campaign, and he arrived at Austerlitz just in time to perform his service as aide-de-camp. Madame Junot was soon afterwards appointed lady-in-waiting to Madame Letitia, the mother of Napoleon. Junot was again appointed Governor of Paris, in July, 1806. The Grand Duchess of Berg, Napoleon's sister, had become Junot's mistress, and M. Turquan gives us all the details of their liaison. Madame Junot was courted by Metternich. Some of the incidents of these liaisons are almost incredible. They were, however, such as they are, related at length in the "journal intime" (which the Duchess d'Abrantès afterwards gave to Balzac, and which was found among his papers bought by M. de Lovenjoul).

Napoleon was warned in Poland of the relations which had been formed between the Grand Duchess of Berg and Junot. On his return, he received Junot very coldly and reproached him. "The General replied that if Marshal Murat felt offended, he was ready to meet him in a duel. 'My hôtel,' he said, 'is near the Élysée' [where Murat and his wife then lived]. 'Yes, yes,' said the Emperor, 'much too near'—and he forbade him to fight with Murat." Napoleon took from Junot the post of Governor of Paris and sent him to the south of France, to take command of a corps d'armée. Madame Junot remained alone; she spent most of her time at her country house in Le Raincy, and Metternich took a house at Boulogne, near Le Raincy. She had almost ceased to receive news of her husband, who had gone from the south of France to Portugal, and there lost the battle of Vimeira against the English army, immediately after which he showed the first signs of the cerebral malady of which he was to become a victim. All the details of that campaign are to be found in the curious Memoirs of General Thiébault, who was in Portugal at the time Junot signed, on August 30, 1808, with the English Commander the famous convention of Cintra, specifying the evacuation of Portugal by the French army; which was to be taken back to France by the English fleet.

Meanwhile, Madame Junot continued to live in Paris. It was through Metternich that she had the news of the Convention of Cintra. "As soon as I heard of it," she says, "I asked for an audience of the Emperor. He was at Saint-Cloud, on his return from Bayonne. 'How did you obtain this news?' said he, very dryly. I made no answer. 'I guess I know,' said he ironically. 'Well, Junot may take this as he likes; I wash my hands of it.' " In the 'Mémorial de St.-Hélène' it is said that Napoleon added much advice to the Duchess d'Abrantès about her expenditures and her intimate relations with a foreigner. "She got angry," said the Emperor, "and I was treated by her like a little boy *(un petit garçon)*; all that was left to me was to send her away *(l'envoyer promener)* and to abandon her to herself."

Correspondence.

CONTINENTAL EXPANSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Continental or Colonial? That is the question which is forced upon the American people by occurrences that they did not initiate. The authority of the Tsar of Russia extends over territory larger than that of the United States and Canada combined, and is entirely continental. The area of Russia has supplied abundant room for expansion, but she has always been alert to extend her bounds to include adjacent regions rather than to acquire detached dominions. She has even proved ready to haul down her flag from lands she once possessed, apparently because those lands were not adjacent; ceding Alaska and the Aleutian Islands to the United States in 1867, and the Kurile Islands to Japan in 1874.

By the policy of European nations, Russia has been excluded from such seaports as are open to navigation at all seasons. The wide extent of her land frontier has compelled the maintenance of a great army, but she has had no need of great naval forces for either offence or defence. The position of Russia would seem and has thus far proved to be safe against foreign attack. So Napoleon found it at the height of his power; and so it was when Great Britain, France, Turkey, and Italy were allied against her. There are no detached colonies or fortresses to be protected, and

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in time of war Russia has always the benefit of interior lines to meet attack. Year by year she has extended her frontiers, including and affiliating neighboring populations in Europe and Asia, and spreading her own people over the original and acquired territory.

The power of England depends upon the supremacy of her navy, as she is open to assault in every quarter of the world, while Russia is really impregnable. Until within the last few years America was equally impregnable. There was no place within our bounds at which it was not easy to assemble a force greater than any nation—perhaps all nations—could bring against us. There was not a city, nor even a coaling station to defend, beyond the seas. A navy less powerful than that of France was sufficient for defence or for offensive defence. An army inconsiderable in numbers sufficed to maintain the knowledge of progress in the arts of war, and we had millions of men for service in time of need. How is it now? If we are assailed in Hawaii or Samoa, we have no advantage of position over Great Britain or Japan, and to hold the Philippines we must keep there a standing army larger than is needed for home defence.

Our destiny is at some, perhaps not remote, time to absorb all of the continent north of us. Keeping closely to our continental position, this could be easy of accomplishment, even if opposed by the whole power of Great Britain. The seacoast States could defend themselves while the interior States were overrunning Canada; but if the time should come when Great Britain was not able to maintain all of its possessions, the annexation of Canada could be made peacefully. It would be no more difficult to defend the United States including Canada than excluding that Dominion, and expansion over an adjoining region peopled by our kinsfolk ought not to be hampered by the necessity of defending the isles of the Pacific Ocean. P. J.

December 2, 1901.

ANTI-ENGLISH FEELING IN GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The current outbreak of anti-English feeling in Germany is not wholly surprising to one who has been observing public sentiment in recent months. While Chamberlain's Edinburgh speech is the ostensible cause of the commotion, it is, in fact, hardly more than the convenient occasion for the open expression of the feeling prevailing throughout Germany. In ordinary conditions such a storm of protest following upon such a speech would seem ridiculous. As matters stand, it is far from ridiculous, for the comforting belief, which many in England are disposed to hold, that the movement is largely manufactured by the newspapers and certain selfish political interests, and is not the result of genuine public sentiment, is wide of the mark.

The newspapers, with a few notable exceptions, have, of course, done their part to increase the popular dislike of England's attitude and methods in the Boer war. For months past they have shown a purpose to belittle or discredit reports of English success and to magnify disasters to the English arms. In depicting English brutality they have spread on the colors lavishly. By the use of all the methods so familiar to us at home they have helped, to the extent of their ability, to make the nation believe that England is politically and morally decadent, that her military power has already vanished, and that her commercial prestige is waning.

Whoever concludes, however, that the present outbreak is only a wordy war of the press, misjudges the real sentiments of Germans of all classes very seriously. For months past the utterances of the newspapers have been perhaps milder than the tone of private conversation. Most Germans seem to have come to the settled conviction that the conduct of the war shows the decline of English power. They are equally convinced that the charges of inhuman brutality are true, and that England is guilty of cruelties which should put a savage to shame. When they speak of Tommy Atkins as "scum," they are using one of their milder epithets for the English soldier.

At least three elements go to make up this pretty unanimous public opinion. The first is the general dislike of the Englishman which the rest of the Continent shares, and which is more or less evident always. However vulgar and unreasoning it may be, it is nevertheless a factor which must be considered in all times of national excitement. In the second place, Germany's competition with England for the business of the world evokes a sense of rivalry which is keen and often bitter. Perhaps the present financial crisis helps increase the intensity of this feeling. The third element is a very real and genuine sympathy for the Boers, and the belief that England is engaged in an unjustifiable war against them. Leaving all speculation about causes aside, it seems pretty clear that the average German wants to believe that England is treating the Boer with inhuman cruelty, that the English soldier is a debased specimen of humanity, and that England's power and greatness are things of the past. Chamberlain's speech, with its allusion to the German soldier in 1870-71, brought the pent-up feeling to explosive utterance. The students at Greifswald were among the first to meet and protest publicly. Since then the movement has spread rapidly over Germany, and fiery resolutions have been voted in numerous gatherings.

So far the end is not in sight, although a few newspapers, not all of them semi-official, have tried of late to calm the excited public opinion. The present attitude of the English press increases, rather than lessens, the storm. What the outcome will be is uncertain; but, in view of the possibly serious results of such increasing of international enmity, it may be hoped that the whole demonstration is in reality, what it now seems to be, an attack of national hysterics. W. R.

Berlin, November 27, 1901.

Notes.

Readers of the London *Athenæum* will recall Mrs. Humphry Ward's communication to that paper, above two years ago, respecting the proposed statue to Amiel in one of the squares of Geneva. Admirers of that writer's 'Journal Intime,' in this country, may be glad to know that there is still an opportunity to contribute towards the memorial. Subscriptions should be sent to Prof. F. F. Roget, President of the Amiel Committee, at the University of Geneva. About half the thousand pounds desired has, we understand, been raised.

John Lane will shortly publish 'Esoteric Christianity, or the Lesser Mysteries,' by the late Annie Besant; and 'Ancient Royal Palaces in and near London,' by Thomas R. Way, with 24 full-page lithographs, in a limited edition of 100 copies.

Ginn & Co. have almost ready 'Nature Study and Life,' by Prof. Clifton F. Hodge of Clark University.

Two years ago we welcomed the late Grant Allen's edition of Gilbert White's 'Natural History of Selborne' (John Lane) in perhaps the most beautiful form this classic has yet been clothed in. The publishers have now wisely brought it out less expensively, but from the same plates, with all the illustrations; and the result is still a beautiful—only not a luxurious—book, at a price within reach of anybody.

There is nothing that may not fall within the province of Dent's handy books, and hence the "Temple Bible" does not surprise (Philadelphia: Lippincott). Indeed, one wonders that such an issue of the Bible was not thought of sooner. 'Genesis' is before us, and shows that, for a prime merit, the text will be paragraphed rationally; the poetry will also be indicated by the type and form of setting. Each book will have an historical introduction. At the end will be gathered a certain amount of notes, maps, and other matter, besides a list of "Biblical references in English literature." There should be a wide demand for this edition. Of the Introduction to Genesis we will say no more than it makes no allusion to the parti-colored divisions of the book by which criticism has displayed a mingling and confusion of sources, but sees only "the stamp of individual authorship" and a conscious shaping of material.

The indispensable *Minerva*, the learned world's annual (Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), resorts in its eleventh volume to a novel device of inserted folios that collectively swell the size of the book by fully three "signatures," yet leave the total pagination identical with that of last year's volume. The excuse for this is the saving in overhauling the index; the inconvenience, that the intercalation of A-folios causes odd and even pages to change places constantly. But one must have compassion for the index-maker, to whom the users of *Minerva* owe so much. Among the institutions in this country now first reported in *Minerva*, as to constitution, personnel, etc., are the Chicago School of Dentistry, the Philadelphia Dental College, the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, the St. Louis College of Pharmacy, the Public Libraries of Bangor, Salem, and Dayton, the New Hampshire State Library, the Forbes Library of Northampton, the Peck Library of Norwich, together with art and other museums and certain learned bodies—in all, twenty-three, if we count aright. The frontispiece portrait is of Prof. Oscar Montellus of the Swedish Academy of Fine Arts, a fine type of "Gelehrter," physiognomically speaking.

From the same New York house we re-

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ceive Part I. of the newest Stieler's Hand-Atlas, the ninth link in the endless chain of revisions with which the house of Perthes in Gotha honors itself by maintaining this great work up to date. There will be a hundred sheet maps, beyond all precedent, of which the United States are allotted seven, in company with its sister giant, Russia, and the whole continent of South America. Altogether, the New World fills nineteen sheets. What is novel is the printing of the copper plates in two impressions, one orographic, by which hand coloring is dispensed with and the cost of the atlas enabled to be reduced by nearly one-half—$12.50 in advance. This is truly a great boon, not to scholars alone, but to the public at large. The initial instalment contains maps of the Eastern Alps—from Munich to Graz, Trieste, Venice, Padua and Verona; and of China and Korea. The new mode of coloring has secured a decided gain in legibility.

The ninth number of Miss Hurll's "Riverside Art Series" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is devoted to 'Landseer,' and does not differ in any essential particular from the earlier volumes of this useful little publication. It is a pity that the art of Landseer is not of a higher quality, but his subjects will appeal strongly to the juvenile audience addressed by Miss Hurll.

"With embellishments by E. H. Blashfield"—that classical phrase would have been an exact description of Mr. Blashfield's contribution to the volume of comedies by his wife entitled 'Masques of Cupid.' For illustrations, in any strict sense, the drawings are not. They are graceful decorative fancies, drawn in pencil or crayon and reproduced in half-tone, and, as they are uniformly on separate pages, their delicate grayness has to bear no direct contrast with typography. Mrs. Blashfield's comedies are four in number, two being modern in subject (one French and one American); one, taken by permission from Stevenson's tale of 'The Sire de Malétroit's Door,' being mediæval; and one ancient Greek. All are in one act save "The Honor of the Crequy," which has two. The pieces are written in a cultivated style, with some feeling and a pleasant ripple of wit, and, except for the scenic demands, might make good material for the exercise of amateur theatrical talent. The Messrs. Scribner have provided the best of paper and print and an attractive binding, and the total result should prove most acceptable as a holiday gift-book.

Sampson Low and Dutton & Co. publish 'Dutch Painters of the XIXth Century,' edited by Max Rooses, and translated by F. Knowles, in a handsome quarto volume profusely illustrated with etchings, photogravures, and process cuts. Of the dozen artists dealt with, Matthys Maris is the only one whose reputation has been much extended in this country; and as, for the most part, the qualities of modern Dutch painting are lost by translation into black and white, it is not easy to determine what effect the present publication may have. Modern Dutch painting is preëminently the art of "tone" rather than of composition or form or even representation; and tone is practically incapable of reproduction. In the present volume the illustrative quality of the work of Alexander Hugo Bakker Korff, with his delicately humorous types of ancient maiden ladies, shows to the best advantage; while John Van Essen, with his animals, comes off second best. The text, by various Dutch writers, seems to be of a touch-and-go, journalistic order.

Fittingly intended to be the first of the "Rulers of India Series," fortunately delayed till the last, the volume on Asoka, by Vincent A. Smith (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde), incorporates the most recent discoveries in regard to the Emperor and his time. The plan of the book necessitates an *ex-cathedra* dogmatism, but, granting the solemn jest implied in a non-specialist deciding between the opposing views of specialists, the general, or ignorant, reader will find in 'Asoka, the Buddhist Emperor of India,' an excellent summary of what is known in regard to the great Maurya, whose coronation and death are here given as B. C. 269 and 232, respectively, as against the preferred dates in Miss Duff's 'Chronology' (259 and 222), of a year ago. Mr. Smith generally follows Senart and rejects Ceylonese chronology prior to 160 B. C. Asoka ascended the throne, according to the system of reckoning adopted by Senart, in 273 (or a year later, according to Mr. Smith), his coronation taking place just five years before the outbreak of the first Punic war.

It is not easy to find a reason for the existence of Mr. Johnstone's little book, 'Muhammad and his Power,' except the fact that such an element was needed in Messrs. T. & T. Clark's series, "The World's Epoch Makers" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). Yet Mr. Johnstone has performed his task brightly and efficiently. He has used his sources—European all, apparently—with due care. What handicaps him most is a theory about Anti-Christ, which is both theologically unsound and morally regrettable. He deals, also, rather much in points of exclamation, which have reacted on his style. But there can be little doubt that his estimate of Muhammad is generally fair, and his book, for its size and possibilities, is a really solid piece of work.

The invalid in Egypt may find a certain sleepy satisfaction in Mr. E. A. Reynolds-Ball's 'Cairo of Yesterday and To-day' (Boston: Dana Estes & Co.). Its value for others will probably lie in giving a number of references to more thorough books. In itself it is a chatty but irritating skimming over of all the possible fields of interest in Cairo and Egypt. It is said to be illustrated; the illustrations are three in number.

'The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Literature and Art,' by John Denison Champlin (Holt), is in line with this well-known compiler's collections of 'Persons and Places,' 'Common Things,' and 'Games and Sports.' The notices are necessarily brief; perhaps the longest is (properly enough) on the 'Twelve Labors of Heracles.' There is no fixed standard to determine admission to a book of reference, but few poems, plays, novels, pictures, statues, or fictitious characters that children—or most of their parents—of our day are likely to inquire about will be missed here, unless their fame is very recent. 'The Crisis' and 'Eben Holden' are absent, but not 'Janice Meredith' and 'To Have and To Hold.' Some may think that too many of the small fry of letters and legend have been preserved, but things odd and out-of-the-way are not therefore valueless, and, in a case of this kind, excess is better than defect. Mr. Champlin's judgment seems usually sound, and his experience might guarantee accuracy. Hence it is surprising to come upon a statement (p. 127) that Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall' "includes the period from the time of Trajan (A. D. 52-117)," whereas Gibbon gives Trajan and Hadrian a paragraph each, and the Antonines four pages; after this and previous introductory matter, the history proper begins with Commodus. The numerous illustrations represent notable paintings, statues, or buildings. The book will be welcome and useful; but why should it exclude many hymns that are more familiar to the young than most of the secular songs here cited?

Col. Nicholas Smith's 'Hymns Historically Famous' (Chicago: Advance Co.) enters into competition neither with Mr. Julian's 'Dictionary of Hymnology' nor with those pioneer books which, ranging in merit or demerit all the way from Belcher's 'Historical Sketches of Hymns' (1859) to Josiah Miller's 'Singers and Songs of the Church' (1869), aimed to mention all writers of such sacred lyrics as were supposed to be in general English use. Besides three chapters about laymen, American women, and the 'Gospel Songs,' Mr. Smith devotes twenty-seven to as many hymns "which are noted for the history they have made." Most of these are widely popular, but one at least (on p. 211) is familiar only in certain quarters, and at least two others have declined from the first rank, if they ever held it. Why should "Blest Be the Tie that Binds" be counted "among the world's best hymns;" and who, except lovers of the commonplace, ever put it there? This book, of course, is "popular" rather than critical, or it would not call Dr. Watts "the founder of our Christian hymnology." He was, if one likes, "the father of English hymnody," which is another affair; but the Germans, not to mention Greeks, Latins, and some others, had been singing long before, and "our Christian hymnology" draws on all these sources. Since its catholic character is here admitted and welcomed, why should so eminent a man as W. J. Fox be ignored as maker of the collection to which "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was contributed? Mr. Smith comes not uninstructed to his task; yet St. Stephen the Sabaite had little part in "Art Thou Weary?" Some of the portraits (as the hideous one of H. F. Lyte) are quaint; those of Toplady and Ray Palmer should change expressions to fit their characters.

Mr. Jacob A. Riis has won fame as a reformer and philanthropist. His labors have borne no small fruit in cleansing New York, and his reports of slum experiences have reached an audience far beyond the city. His later magazine articles are now gathered in an autobiography of frankness so singular as at once to invite and disarm criticism. The sumptuous get-up of this book, 'The Making of an American' (Macmillan), contrasts oddly with the democratic plainness of the text. Pen and pencil here reveal matters over which a veil is usually cast; but if the author has little regard for personal dignity or domestic privacy, the thorough goodness of the man, his naïve sincerity, his forceful disinterestedness, command no less respect than his public services. He has no pretences and no reserves; in his view, apparently, "each man's life is all men's lesson,"

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and his own life is all of a piece. His wife and children are partners in his work; his early struggles and reverses, the difficulties that came of his headlong impulsiveness in youth, his doleful years as a day-laborer and hungry tramp—all these are as much part and parcel of the record as his intimacy with Mr. Roosevelt and the consideration he won from policemen and politicians. Once he fainted from starvation; twice, at least, he was in mortal danger from thugs; always he was in the thick of the fight; and he "would not have missed being in it all for anything." The title is no misnomer; this is a typical American, though born in Denmark—never idle, never discouraged, resourceful, unconquerable. But his hustling was not of the vulgar sort; he "never cared to be rich," and blushes still to remember that he once held an office for three months. Here are some good anecdotes, and hints of many more. Mr. Riis saw Grant, after his second term, meekly submitting to be clubbed and ordered out of the fire-lines by a policeman. He tells of a Danish woman who could be friends with a Jewess on earth, but as to "*our* heaven," she must be excused. But the best thing in the book is the artless picture of a strong and generous nature bringing forth fruit after its kind.

Mr. Fred Mather, in 'My Angling Friends': Being a Second Series of Sketches of 'Men I have Fished With' (*Forest and Stream* Publishing Co.), gives incidentally a good deal of instruction in nature and natural history, and his narratives are themselves interesting—perhaps those concerning the Grand Duke Alexis and the old Michigan guide, Len Jewell, the most so. Mr. Mather met the Duke at a little place on Currituck Sound, where the latter had gone, under the name of Mr. Brown, for some fishing and shooting, and Mr. Mather found him simple, agreeable, and possessed of the elements of a sportsman. There is an amusing sketch of the well-known E. Z. C. Judson ("Ned Buntline"); and the late President Arthur, Amos J. Cummings, and others less known to fame are treated from the angling standpoint.

The "Handbooks of Practical Gardening" edited by Harry Roberts (John Lane) continue to appear in rapid succession. Volume iii., by H. W. Ward, for twenty-five years head gardener at Longford Castle, is entitled 'The Book of the Grape.' It discusses grape culture under the conditions met with on English estates. The chapters dealing with the construction of the vinery, the making of the border, and methods of handling the individual clusters indicate the author's standpoint. To those interested in fancy-grape growing under cover the book will be useful. Its value to the practical American grape-grower is doubtful. Volume iv., 'The Book of Old-Fashioned Flowers,' is written by Harry Roberts, editor of the series. Readers of 'The Chronicle of a Cornish Garden' will recall his pleasing style, which is equally in evidence in the volume at hand. Here we have less in the way of specific direction than is found in the other handbooks, although practical suggestions abound. The nature of the subject allows the author to indulge in many charming observations on his favorites. The smaller flower-garden of the cottager furnishes his main theme. He has made a useful, attractive, and thoroughly readable little book.

'Civics for New York State,' by Charles De Forest Hoxie of the New York bar (The American Book Co.), is the title of a small volume designed for teachers. The book follows closely the plan laid down by the New York State Board of Regents, with a view to meeting their requirements for examination. It is virtually a hand-book of Constitutional Law, Government and History, of an elementary sort, and should be of use in teaching. The mass of information it contains is presented in a form which makes assistance in going through it convenient, though perhaps not necessary. The plan adopted of combining concrete illustrations of the working of the ordinary civic machinery together with a general view strikes us as good, and capable of further development. Many references for additional reading are given. For the purpose intended the book should prove a valuable help.

An educational novelty is an 'Introduction to the Study of Commerce,' by Frederick R. Clow (Silver, Burdett & Co.). It is intended to aid teachers to employ to the best advantage the time now added to the curricula of secondary schools for the study of economics. The question raised by such a book is whether it is really more than a medley of political economy, arithmetic, and statistics. The design, of course, is to make economics a satisfactory school study, and the author thinks that by approaching the subject in this elementary way a better foundation can be laid than by devoting the same time to strict economic theory. An introduction, by Prof. F. W. Taussig of Harvard, states his conclusion as to the book to be that, "rightly used, it may be expected to prove stimulating and profitable."

'Shacklett: The Evolution of a Statesman,' by Walter Barr (D. Appleton & Co.), is a novel of Western life. As the prologue informs us, it is a tale of "pivotal heredity," the hero being "a kind o' cross between a good woman and a devil"—so, at least, one of the less virtuous characters in the narrative remarks. He is also described by the Reverend Mr. Bradbury as "a *fin de siècle* knight, careless of his weapons, and careful only of his armor and the object at the other end of the lists." The style is strenuous, and the English sometimes peculiar, as when the author declares that Shacklett "made an impression" upon some "corporation men" similar to that "euthanasia which comes over an editor when he finds a really new lode in literature." As a picture of Western life, the story will have, for those who derive their ideas of Western life entirely from the newspapers, a kind of *vraisemblance;* but it is not an attractive picture. To the fastidious it will seem extremely raw.

A new attempt at constructing a scheme of popular scientific ethics is to be found in 'Le Battaglie per la Vita,' by Prof. Gustavo Strafforello (Milan: Hoepli). This treatise, while accepting the evolutionary hypothesis, strives to reconcile the rigor of its application with the claims of altruistic morality by insisting that the struggle for existence must be a fair one. The general method reminds one forcibly of 'Self-Help' and all its kin. Among the illustrative examples of worldly success, the author selects Sir Robert Peel, whose reforms are said to have been achieved in spite of the "ammasso di volgarità" of his speeches.

The fact that M. Fierens-Gevaert's little volume, 'La Tristesse Contemporaine' (Paris: Alcan), has passed through three editions, makes it seem probable that the author's hope of "touching a few hesitating souls" has not been altogether vain. The book is serious rather than sad, since the author, though dealing with the leading representatives of modern pessimistic thought, from Leopardi to Nietzsche, does not accept their philosophy and influence as definitive or paramount in determining the moral and intellectual state of contemporary humanity. On account of the sincerity of conviction which pervades the whole essay, it gives one the impression of a personal confession.

An article on "The Significance of Greek Pottery," from the pen of Prof. J. H. Huddilston of the University of Maine, printed in the *Monatsberichte über Kunstwissenschaft und Kunsthandel*, Heft 11 (Munich: H. Helbing), may convince any reader of the importance of Greek vases as a means of study of Greek life in all its phases. The article forms a chapter of a larger work on the subject which will appear ere long in book form, and, we feel assured, will prove of no mean interest to archæologists and to all students of Greek.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, No. 10, opens with an examination by Prof. F. Ratzel of the Kant-Laplace nebular theory in its relation to geography, from which he concludes that it does not satisfactorily solve the problem presented by the earth's surface. The early history of the Pitcairn Islanders is related by Dr. R. A. Hermann in approaching an inquiry as to the light it casts on certain questions, such as the fruitfulness of mixed races, inbreeding, adaptation to natural conditions, and degeneracy. Prof. Langhans contributes a census study, accompanied with maps, of maritime Germany, with especial reference to internal navigation, and including the building and equipment of ships. Further information is also given of the progress of the Koslow expedition in Central Asia.

The iron-ore deposits of New South Wales are described by J. B. Jaquet in the Memoirs of the Geological Survey (Geology No. 2). It appears that the failure of the efforts of half a century ago to establish the iron-smelting industry in that State was not due to defects in the quality of the ore, which was excellent, but to the expense of carriage of coal and limestone and the high price of labor, which so raised the cost of the product that it was unable to compete with imported iron. In the present work only those deposits of iron ore known to exist within easy distance of supplies of coal or the seaboard are described. The iron-ore beds at Coombing Park, near Carcoar, and those near Cadia, on account of extent, quality, and relative proximity to coal and limestone, are far more important than any others examined. Other valuable deposits occur near Rylstone, where masses of brown ore exist in the neighborhood of limestone and coal; at Cliefden, where the ore is found in large pockets in the limestone, and in the Goulburn and Breadalbane districts. There are extensive beds of aluminous iron ore (ferruginous bauxite) in the Wingello and Mossvale districts and near Inverell and Emmaville. It is shown by the estimates of T. A. Coghlan, Government statistician, that there

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is sufficient ore in sight in New South Wales to produce all the iron required by the various colonies of Australasia for many years. The volume contains numerous maps and plans and is copiously illustrated.

The current Bulletin of the New York Public Library (vol. v., No. 11) presents a useful check-list of American county and State histories on the shelves of that institution (Lenox Building). Berkshire County in Massachusetts shows seven histories, and three other counties five. In New York, Queens and Westchester have been oftenest chronicled. As a rule, a single county history has sufficed; and as a rule it may be conjectured that the quality of the history is pretty mediocre.

Mr. George Watson Cole, No. 1725 Seventh Avenue, New York, has printed for private distribution 'Bermuda and the *Challenger* Expedition: A Bibliography,' embracing the scientific results of that expedition at and near Bermuda in 1873. This thin pamphlet is designed as a check-list for a more extended bibliography, and corrections and additions are requested.

—In 1878 the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution requested the Secretary to prepare and publish a history of the origin and progress of the foundation. Mr. W. J. Rhees, for many years chief clerk of the Smithsonian, was, under the instructions of Professor Henry, intrusted with this duty. The volume which resulted is now out of print, and, by direction of the present Secretary, Mr. Rhees has prepared a new and enlarged edition, bringing the narrative and documents up to date and prefixing a selection of the documents which passed between the United States and the attorneys in England before the actual reception of Smithson's bequest, from which so many benefits were to proceed. The work is less a narrative than a documentary history, in which may be also found the debates in Congress over the acceptance of the trust fund, and over its use after it was received; and as to what should be done after the fund (invested in bonds of the Southern States afterward defaulted on) had been lost. The gradual growth of confidence in the integrity, wisdom, and purely scientific spirit of its management under the fostering care of Henry and Baird may be easily traced in these documents by those who know how to read between the lines. It seems almost incredible that men of intelligence should have expressed many of the opinions which appear here in black and white. For instance, the late Andrew Johnson of Tennessee argued from his seat in the House of Representatives that the fund should be used to educate indigent youth of the District of Columbia, and even that the United States should not restore the fund wasted through the improvident investments made by its official agent. The present edition comprises two volumes, of which the first is now available and contains 1,044 pages, bringing the matter down to the date of January, 1887. The second volume, which is to appear shortly, will complete the century.

—The ideas commonly entertained by persons who have never inquired into the subject as to the status of the Institution are so generally erroneous that it may be worth while to restate the facts so little understood. The Smithsonian is not a Government institution supported by public funds. It is a Board of Trustees representing the United States, who, with their scientific collaborators, administer the fund left by a private individual for the public benefit. This administration has been so successful that to the same body Congress has seen fit from time to time to intrust other functions in the administration of scientific bureaus of a strictly governmental character, which, unlike the Institution, are supported by Congressional appropriations. Such are the Bureau of Ethnology, the National Museum, the National Zoölogical Park, and the Astrophysical Observatory. The executive head of these organizations is the Secretary of the Board of Regents, assisted by a small Executive Committee of the Board. The Secretary is appointed by the full Board, which comprises a certain number of *ex-officio* members, a proportion of members of the House or Senate, and a number of private individuals of high standing, selected by Congress from time to time, so that there is always a majority of hold-over members in the Board, which meets one or more times a year. The manner in which this organization has developed is clearly shown in the work of Mr. Rhees, which acquires added interest as the history of the most successful, best-known, and most generally appreciated scientific institution in existence, which has carried the name of Smithson and the influence of his bequest to the remotest parts of the earth.

—The unevenness of execution noticeable in Mr. J. L. Onderdonk's 'History of American Verse' (Chicago: McClurg), and the obvious defects of style, would doubtless have been corrected had the author lived to revise his work and superintend its publication. Mr. Onderdonk, who died in 1899, was for a time a journalist in Portland, and later a lawyer in Chicago, and his studies in American verse were made in the midst of the exacting routine of business life. This latter fact speaks well for his sincere delight in poetry, which, indeed, is everywhere patent. His book is well enough fitted out with information, and, except for some dawdling over early trivialities and Puritan absurdities, is not unskilful in its engineering. The chapters trace continuously a certain correspondence between the development of poetry and the phases of national life. Freneau is justly honored; the "pomp and circumstance" of the Hartford wits and the pseudo-culture of the Della Cruscans are well characterized; and the clever worldliness of the "Knickerbocker School" and the cheap sentimentality of the Percivals and Sigourneys get due definition. Among the more elaborate estimates of the greater poets, those of Longfellow, Whittier, and Whitman are particularly sound in substance and style, though the extreme eulogies bestowed on the "Occultation of Orion" and the "Mystic Trumpeter" are certainly misplaced. Lowell's serious verse gets scant justice; his satire is duly lauded. Of occasional misprints, inept phrases, and instances of bad syntax, it is hardly worth while to speak. In style the book at its best never rises above conventional respectability, and when this is missed, a critic should, in fairness, bear in mind the lack of revision.

—The 'New Glimpses of Poe' (M. F. Mansfield & Co.) collected by Prof. James A. Harrison of the University of Virginia are fleeting and slight. Upon controverted points, the memoranda which various gentlemen have provided for the 'Glimpses' throw little new light. There are some photographic facsimiles of college records to prove that Poe was not expelled from the University, and that, on the authority of his own statement, he had never heard of "hotel-keepers playing cards and drinking with students." But no one of late has suspected Poe of the former misfortune; and as to the latter question, it is not of great moment, yet, in view of his well-established misuse of his high imaginative power, the evidence is not convincing. Apart from this, the volume contains no noteworthy information, and no true hints of character, not to be found somewhere in Mr. Woodberry's standard Life. It is a pity that the distinguished reputation which rightfully belongs to Poe should continually be jeoparded by his champions. We fail to see that the present collection fulfils the rather un-Attic promissory sentence which embellishes the Introduction. This may be quoted as a fair specimen of the temper and manner of the work: "The fading fires of the poet's great gray eyes kindle anew in these sympathetic pages, and throw out new and characteristic sparks of grotesquerie and pathos as his early escapades are recounted; and this human opal becomes charged and charged again with malignant or with beautiful fires slyly retreating or unexpectedly shooting forth under the magnet of circumstance."

—Most men in this country who write books on sport belong to one of two classes: (1) those who have knowledge on the subject and lack the power to express it properly; (2) those able, without any real familiarity with sport or nature, to present their mixture of facts and misinformation in a way to attract the general public. Mr. Thomas Martindale, author and illustrator of 'Sport Indeed' (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.), does not belong to the second class, for he undoubtedly writes from his own experience of the various hunting trips he describes. The best are those on moose hunting, and give very good accounts of the wild life in the forests of Maine and New Brunswick, and the methods for successfully pursuing and killing this noble animal. The rather inflated and disconnected style evident in some of the chapters devoted to other subjects, such as "Cupid in the Wilderness," "A Fire and Water Medley," etc., is absent when the author addresses himself to plain narration of facts. To be sure, he calls a porcupine a hedgehog, as a distinguished writer on sport and natural history calls the male of the black-tail deer a stag—neither hedgehogs nor stags being natives of America. The volume is dedicated to Mr. Martindale's son James. One of the chapters treating of this youth is entitled "A Beardless Sport," and this offensive word is used throughout the book to designate those who shoot, fish, or go to the woods for almost any purpose.

—One of the recent Yale Bicentennial publications is an edition of 'Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides,' by Prof. Bernadotte Perrin (Charles Scribner's Sons). It may be commended for its scholarship, its literary quality, and for the admirable typography and illustrations, which should

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ensnare alike the lover of books and the judicious holiday purchaser. In all these respects it is the right kind of book for the library of the gentleman and scholar, and it is appropriately inscribed to Secretary Hay. The translation is idiomatic, and shows, in many small touches, a conscientious accuracy, following, if anything, too closely the mould of the original sentences, which are not always over-graceful or transparent, and are now and then curiously crabbed. In this matter we believe that Mr. Perrin might have allowed himself the same liberty that Professor Jowett employed with Thucydides, and with better reason. A small speck in the English is the translation of ὡς, in several passages—"*claiming* that the people treated their leaders" like old triremes, etc., a convenient, though doubtful, expedient for following the turn of the original. Doubtless, Mr. Perrin would have plenty to say for himself in this regard, for his introduction has a literary savor as delightful as his analysis of the great biographer's methods is sympathetic, fascinating, and instructive. The special merit of the work consists in this introduction, and in the very full notes by which the editor introduces the reader into Plutarch's workshop, and shows how he mixed his materials to paint his idealized portraits. The time has gone by when the simplest reader of history can take Plutarch, as Madame Roland and her compatriots did, *au pied de la lettre*. Mr. Perrin supplies the sources for inquiry and correction, and traces most instructively the growth of a nimbus of myth about these great names. He shows the process by which there grew up a legendary Themistocles, endowed with supernatural acuteness used for selfish and treasonable purposes; and the manner in which the somewhat prosaic and mediocre Aristides became invested with a slightly artificial halo of virtue. A capital instance of myth-making is the tale that Themistocles committed suicide by drinking bull's blood; the probable origin of this invention Mr. Perrin traces in a very interesting note. Among the illustrations is an ostrakon scratched with the name of Themistocles, and doubtless used against him in 483 B. C. or 472 B. C.; and a didrachm of Magnesia struck under his administration of that city. The apparatus is, in short, a neat compendium of the historical sources of the period which might be recommended to the student bent on research; and this detracts nothing from the charm of the book for the general reader.

—Gen. William Farrar Smith (popularly known as "Baldy" Smith) sends us a pamphlet review of the decision of a board of army officers appointed by the Secretary of War to adjudge between the claims of Gen. Rosecrans, commander of the Army of the Cumberland in October, 1863, and Gen. Smith, Chief Engineer of the army, to the origination of the plan of bridging Brown's Ferry, over the Tennessee River, which, with Hooker's coöperative movement from Bridgeport, raised the siege of Chattanooga by the Confederate Gen. Bragg. The Chickamauga Park Commission had inserted in its Atlas a legend to the effect that the plan was devised by Rosecrans, against which statement Smith made protest, with the result of the appointment of the Board to review the testimony. The Board decided that the legend was historically correct. It would be interesting to discuss at length the history of this series of operations, which had a most exhilarating influence upon the depressed spirits of the Army of the Cumberland, but space will not now permit. It seems to us, however, that Gen. Smith makes reasonably good his right to the credit of the plan, and that the evidence in Rosecrans's behalf is mostly of that after-the-event type which attempts to vindicate so many hurt reputations. Rosecrans wrote in 1885 that the plan was given by him to Gen. Smith. But the indirect contemporary evidence is against this declaration. The late Charles A. Dana, when Assistant Secretary of War, was at Rosecrans's headquarters from the beginning of the siege until that officer was removed from command, and his testimony is that he heard no discussion of any hopeful method of driving Bragg from the south bank of the Tennessee until Smith told him of his idea of seizing the valley of Lookout Creek, close by Chattanooga, by means of a surprise at Brown's Ferry, the only point where such a surprise had any prospect of success. Gens. Grant and Thomas gave the orders to Smith for its execution, and bestowed upon him warm praise for its successful accomplishment. In addition to Dana's positive insistence that no plan was discussed at headquarters, we have first the letters of Grant to the War Department, urging the immediate promotion of Smith on account of his genius and efficiency—qualities which had been displayed under Grant's eye only in the Brown's Ferry action; and, second, the designation of Smith to lead the expedition, for Smith was a staff officer just from the East, with no reputation in the Army of the Cumberland for leading men, and therefore having no claim to be put over the heads of tried field officers except the consideration that he was carrying out his original conception of an operation whose success or failure would vitally affect the fortunes of the army.

MURRAY'S BYRON.

The Works of Lord Byron: A New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition. Poetry. Vol. IV. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge.—Letters and Journals. Vol. VI. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. London: John Murray; New York: Scribners.

The new Byron is rapidly approaching completion. The sixth volume of the 'Letters and Journals' brings that portion of the enterprise to an end. Of the 'Poetry,' two more volumes remain to be published. Mr. Prothero, the editor of the 'Letters,' has maintained to the very end the high standard which he set for himself when the first volume of the new Byron was published in 1898. Not the least remarkable thing about his work is its steadiness. The annotation is copious, as it ought to be, but it is almost perfectly proportioned. History, literature, topography, social chit-chat, the scandalous chronicle—every conceivable variety of material had to be sorted and sifted in these notes and illustrations; and in all departments Mr. Prothero has shown himself equal to his task. He is fully aware of the principle which most scholiasts have never conceived—that a foot-note should be as artistic as a cameo; and he is never in too great a hurry to give the last finish. As accurate as any Dryasdust of them all, he does not forget to be entertaining, and he seems incapable of losing heart or spirit over the most discouraging masses of detail. He never groans, like Carlyle, at the rubbish heaps he is forced to ransack. If, as we are disposed to believe, nobody ever wrote better letters than Byron, surely no one ever made better notes than Mr. Prothero. It was a fortunate moment for the history of modern literature when Mr. Murray secured the services of so accomplished a scholar for this important undertaking.

In our notices of previous volumes we have adverted more than once to the neglect to designate the source from which each letter is derived. It transpired that the omission was deliberate, for, in the preface to volume ii., Mr. Prothero hinted broadly at bookselling reasons which made such designation impolitic. Happily, these reasons appear to be no longer compulsive. The concluding volume of the series furnishes a chronological list of all the letters, with an exact statement of the provenance of each, whether manuscript or printed book. The richness of Mr. Murray's archives and the futility of competition are alike evident. Moore printed 561 letters; Halleck, 635; the present collection includes 1,198. Much of the old material, and nearly all of the new, is printed from the original manuscripts. Thus, almost seventy years after Byron's death, we have for the first time a complete and definitive edition of his letters and prose miscellanies.

The great majority of these letters were dashed off without a thought of their ever being published—and this is emphatically true of the new material. Altogether, they set forth the writer's character with a pitilessness that is the best assurance of fidelity. If we do not know him after reading them, we need never expect to know anybody who is dead and gone. The test is heroic, but Byron stands it well. He exhibits much fallible human nature and a good deal of perversity, but, on the whole, his character improves in the intenser light that is thrown upon it. No foible is concealed, but the picture has many amiable traits. Above all, there is no mystery of iniquity about it. The faults and vices are obvious enough; obvious also is an impish tendency to put the *worst* foot foremost, which misled the poet's contemporaries and has left its trace on subsequent censors. We laugh at the Italian doctor who expected to be torn to pieces by Byron's myrmidons if he offended his employer in the least trifle, but his tremors were no more ridiculous than the declamatory horror of the critics. For Byron at his best—tolerant of censure and confident in the verdict of the future—see the letter of December 25, 1822, written to Murray after reading Bishop Heber's review of "Cain."

The appendices to this volume are of the highest value. They include a minute history of the quarrel between Byron and Southey, with all the documents, and an excellent sketch of the "state of political parties during the first three years of the Revolution" in Greece. The latter is indispensable to a right understanding of the closing incidents of the poet's life. There is also an index to all six volumes. It is a model of its kind, covering not only the text, but the notes as well, and extending

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to more than a hundred pages of fine but legible type.

The fourth volume of the 'Poetical Works' begins with "The Prisoner of Chillon" and ends with "The Blues." It includes also "Manfred," "Beppo," "Marino Faliero," and the unmatchable "Vision of Judgment," with other pieces, large and small. No wonder Mr. Coleridge is moved to eloquence by the "manifold motions" of Byron's "versatile and unsleeping talent." It is something of a pity, however, that he so often finds it necessary to assert the poet's claim to consideration. A few things must be regarded as well settled in literary history. Yet the editor's defence embodies one significant, if somewhat prosaic, suggestion—that Byron "taught us a great deal which it is desirable and agreeable to know—which has passed into common knowledge through the medium of his poetry."

Of Mr. Coleridge's editing we have nothing to say which has not already been said in our previous notices. It is good, but neither so scholarly nor so finished as Mr. Prothero's. We observe that Mr. Coleridge has not got over his disposition to sit in judgment on his author. Witness his animadversions (p. 19) on what he calls a "feeble and irritating *paronomasy*" in "The Prisoner of Chillon." For whom are such notes intended? They may relieve the editor's mind, but they form no part of his official duties. The proofreading appears to be better than in volume iii.—at least, in the text.

MORE NOVELS.

The Cavalier. By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons.

D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

The Road to Ridgeby's. By Frank Burlingame Harris. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Tom Beauling. By Gouverneur Morris. The Century Co.

Unconscious Comedians. By Caroline Duer. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Pines of Lory. By J. A. Mitchell. Life Publishing Co.

In his war-romance, entitled 'The Cavalier,' Mr. Cable appears to have yielded to the pressure of a fashion, and not to the urgency of an inward voice bidding him write. His natural ways are ways of pleasantness, and the paths he follows instinctively are the sunny paths of peace. He is not at home in the narration of a sequence of bloody scrimmages, and his attitude towards them is timorous, apologetic—altogether more fitted for candid condemnation of war than for its glorification in romance. As a war-romancer, too, he is still more heavily hampered by his orthodox religious convictions. Really talented war-romancers recognize religion only in the same way and to the same extent that kings and victorious generals do, by formal thanks to the God of Battles, with occasional touching appeal to the God of the Widow and the Fatherless. Religion and science are notoriously hard to reconcile, and no one except Oliver Cromwell has been able to make religion and war appear suitable companions. With all his eagerness to inculcate religious belief, both by illustration of its efficacy in emergency and by homily, Mr. Cable fails to make its practice appear consistent with the practice of fighting.

Those defects in 'The Cavalier' which are easily traceable to the author's natural inaptitude for war-romance are less surprising than a general vagueness and weakness in matters where clearness and strength are expected from so experienced a novelist. There is no attempt made to give a comprehensive picture of the civil war, or to describe any great figure or critical battles. The action is restricted to insignificant exploits of some Confederate scouts, in most of which a spy named Charlotte Oliver plays the great part. This Charlotte is a doubtful lady, and no one could be more uncertain about her than is the author. In the early chapters her manners are reprehensibly light, and there follow scenes in which the lightness seems to have infected her morals. But, behold, later on, an impeccable Charlotte, with rigid views about the sanctity of marriage, and sermons at her tongue's end wherewith to edify the dying soldier. On the other hand, the Misses Harper are perfectly clear and easy to understand. These damsels, with "starry charms" and "witching glances," jog through the tale in a carryall, demanding military escort at every corner and always meaning to be made love to. We should be thankful to Mr. Cable for reviving the memory of such dear girls (the kind is now extinct), and for letting us look on at their great game of hide-and-seek, to which all men used to be cordially invited.

When the romancer is driven for material to the war of 1812, one hopes that he is at the end of his tether, and almost believes that patriotism has shouted itself dumb. For it may be said, without disparagement to any one, that the war was neither so great nor so glorious as some other wars, and that there are few people now living who know what it was all about, fewer perhaps who care. On the obscurity of its origin the tale of 'D'ri and I' casts no light. Except in the title, 'I' (Capt. Raymond Bell) takes precedence of D'ri. D'ri comes in chiefly when the somewhat vainglorious Captain has a fit of shrinking modesty and permits the second fiddle to take up the theme. This duty D'ri performs in a harsh dialect, garnished with strange adjectives such as "joe mightiful," and unimpressive oaths, such as "Jerushy Pepper." When his patriotism is red hot, he gets down to a commoner and, we think, more expressive form of profanity. "Give 'em hell," he cries to Capt. Perry, as he is leaving the *Lawrence* for the *Niagara*. When the order to strike the flag on the *Lawrence* is given, he thus reproves her commander: "Let her sink, damn her. Wish to God I could put my foot through her bottom. When the flag goes down I want to go tew." It is not to be supposed that any subordinate ever so addressed his superior officer, but, if he did in 1812, and a modern war-romancer has private knowledge of the fact, he should have kept it to himself, animated by a sense of respect for his country and for his young compatriots, at whom, for their adoration, he so enthusiastically waves "Old Glory."

Separately the adventures of 'D'ri and I' are sufficiently exciting, but they are not well connected. Through the capture of the heroes by the English and their subjection to an ordeal by a society called "Avengers," we are introduced to an English lord as he used to be seen on the stage, but never anywhere else. He wears conspicuously a single glass, smokes an eternal cigarette (in 1812?), and has an accent and a languor expressive of the highest-bred insolence. Moreover, he carries a parchment in his pocket just to show the unbeliever that he is a lord and the cousin of a king. High society is further represented by a group of French ladies and gentlemen. Though the splendor of the noble *émigrés* dwelling in a wilderness is, we think, exaggerated, their presence lends grace and their company is cheerful. In his preface the author says that the romantic marriage of Capt. Bell and Mlle. de Lambert is "almost literally a matter of record." The word "almost" permits us to doubt whether a marriage ceremony performed by a passing minister or "dominie" could satisfy a young Frenchwoman, noble and a Catholic, that she had been married either by the law or by the Church.

Many tales of farm life in the Middle West are dreary records of a hard existence written by persons with a talent for seeing and describing the worst side of things. Remarkable among stories of that vast and uninteresting region is 'The Road to Ridgeby's,' because, while nature and life are presented with fidelity to the fact, the author goes beneath and behind the fact to reveal the strength, pathos, and even humor of the human struggle for existence. 'The Road to Ridgeby's' is only a new form of words for the old road to happiness, and, according to the modern doctrine, the goal is reached not by prayer and renunciation, but by labor and love. The tale is preceded by a biographical sketch of the author. His actual achievement is somewhat overestimated, yet in his short life he undoubtedly gave promise of ability to go far.

The tale of 'Tom Beauling' is told in two parts. The first is the tale of the orphan, Tom, in the New England home of his father by adoption, Judge Tyler; the second is the tale of Tom the rover, one foot on sea and one on shore, but always pretty constant to a pretty girl who dwells by Long Island Sound. Both Toms are lively to a degree, but the second does not clearly derive from the first; the boy is not positively the father of the man, and that is a matter about which careful writers of fiction have no doubt. It is not a very serious matter, and is mentioned only by way of admonition to a young writer who has a great deal to say, and already manages to express himself in good form and style. So good, indeed, is the first part, so keenly observed, sympathetic, and natural, that a reviewer should say nothing but make a bow to a "talent." The talent is still in evidence through the second part, but it is skittish and wayward, giving itself an easy time in description of foreign lands. The descriptions are, however, entertaining, and well flavored with Tom's personality—a personality so engaging that the chance of his being undone at the end by a past for which he had no responsibility, excites the deepest agitation. Considered as a début in fiction, this little tale deserves to be called brilliant; and considered as a declaration of a "good American" point of view, it is admirable. The author is apparently at home among persons of wealth and fashion, who are Americans, not English or another, nor

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wishing to be; and, being Americans of the best sort, they accept Tom Beauling as a man, for himself, without anxious solicitude about his ancestors, and, indeed, with full knowledge of his irregular birth.

Neither the good American nor the good American point of view is discoverable in the volume of tales entitled 'Unconscious Comedians.' These are American society tales, imitations of English society tales. A copy is never so good as an original, and, if the original be notoriously worthless, the copy is likely to be flagrantly bad. The English society tale seems to be the feeblest effort of the human mind, until one has read the American imitation. The sayings and doings of the Duke and Duchess lose a thrill in the process of transfer to plain Mr. and Mrs., and that loss is not compensated for by the greater number of flunkeys who serve the untitled, nor by their greater prominence in the narrative. Miss Duer's imitations are not, however, all bad, for once she comes so close to her model that the statement that a young soldier is at home on leave from "Porto Rico" is for a moment bewildering. One is sure that she meant to write "South Africa." In the sketch called "My Niece, Mrs. Dove," Miss Duer shows ability for original work, for Mrs. Dove is drawn from life cleverly, keenly, with almost spiteful satire. The lady is unmistakably American (a bad one), with a kind of badness inconceivable in the older civilizations, where women are not encouraged to grab everything—time, health, money—from anybody, and to give absolutely nothing in return.

In 'The Pines of Lory' Mr. Mitchell, with happy unconsciousness, takes pointedly the American attitude towards the grabbing woman. His story is, in event, the story of Paul and Virginia, modernized, Americanized, and cast, so to speak, on the inhospitable Northern shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The situation, with its many improbabilities, is well conceived and carried off with spirit. But more interesting than the romantic adventure is the author's ingenuous admiration for his female castaway, who (perhaps in a spirit of homage) is given the haughty name of Elinor, while the male castaway proclaims his inferiority by permitting himself to be called Pats. This Elinor treats Pats rudely, contemptuously, even brutally. Though she knows he has just come home from the wars with wounds and fever, though she sees that he is emaciated and wobbles rather than walks, she lets him drag her luggage about and otherwise serve her; then, refusing, on the score of propriety, to let him sleep under the good roof which he, under the guidance of Providence, has discovered, drives him and his dog forth to the forest. In the night rain descends, and by morning Pats is delirious with fever, but his faithful dog has hard work to compel Elinor to come out in the wet and help his disabled master. When Pats recovers from his fever, he utters no word of reproach, but, on the contrary, tells Elinor that she is an angel, and goes on adoring her, till an archbishop and a princess come in a steamboat and take them away to a place where they can be married.

This, from the American point of view, is all very natural and right, and Mr. Mitchell likes his Elinor so much that he cannot criticise anything she does. He even permits her without reproof to ask the Princess, after an hour's acquaintance, a leading question about a family affair, for no reason except the gratification of curiosity. We have no sort of doubt that Elinor asked the question point blank, but feel that Mr. Mitchell may not have reported correctly the answer of the Princess. It is a pity that the author should have felt it necessary to utter flippancies about the Roman Catholic doctrine and methods, and also to reiterate his journalistic statements about the merits of the "South African" war. Whatever his opinions on such subjects may be worth (for ourselves we do not prize them), they are here out of place; they have no bearing on the situation, and, in fact, nothing whatever to do with the case. Elinor's leaning towards Catholicism is of no importance; and if the emaciation of Pats had to be ascribed to bullets and fever, he might just as easily (and with more reason) have returned from fighting in the Philippines with his compatriots, or even against them.

SEVEN BOOKS ON MUSICAL TOPICS.

A Critical History of the Opera. By Arthur Elson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Highways and Byways of Music. By Hugh A. Clarke. Silver, Burdette & Co.

Wagner, Bayreuth, and the Festival Plays. By Frances Gerard. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mendelssohn. By Stephen S. Stratton. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Beethoven's Piano Playing. By Franz Kullak. G. Schirmer.

Musical Ministries in the Church. By Waldo Selden Pratt. Fleming H. Revell Co.

The Laurel Book. Edited by W. L. Tomlins. Boston: C. C. Birchard & Co.

Just in time for the impending opera season, Mr. Elson appears with a volume which lovers of that form of art will find both entertaining and useful. He plunges at once *in medias res*, dispensing with the usual explanatory or apologetic preface. Nor was any apology needed; for such a bright, readable summary is always welcome. Mr. Elson has here shown his critical sense in the ignoring of useless knowledge, as well as in bringing forward vital facts, and dwelling on them with an excellent sense of their relative importance. He does not give much space to the origin of opera, but proceeds promptly to the great masters, mentions a few biographic details, and then describes their best works, both as to their music and their plots. In condensing the stories of the operas, he has shown rare skill. Separate chapters are devoted to the Italian, French, and German schools; nor are Russia, England, and America ignored. The book is nothing if not up to date. Not only are all the young men of Italy discussed, but there are accounts of so recent a work as Charpentier's "Louise" and even Paderewski's "Manru," and Professor Paine's "Azara," the scores of which appeared only a few weeks ago. Wagner, of course, is treated more fully than any one else. He is now in the lead, and those who have not caught up with the procession will learn from these pages that the trouble with them is that they have no sense for harmony:

"Wagner has forced the world to admit that harmony is of more value than melody in portraying the emotions depicted on the stage." "It can easily be seen that those who do not possess the sense of harmony (and they are numerous enough in many operatic audiences) cannot understand the beauty of works that rely upon varying harmonies for their best effects. Hence the acrimonious contest over Wagner's works. They are, of course, a sealed book to those whose sense of harmony is merely rudimentary, or who cannot properly associate harmony and emotion."

A Pennsylvanian once remarked to the writer of this review: "What would you New Yorkers do without the Philadelphia joke?" No doubt that joke has been overworked; but is there not some justification for its continued use? Here is Hugh A. Clarke, Mus. Doc., professor of the science of music at the University of Pennsylvania, writing a chapter on "Modern Tendencies in Music:" We naturally look for a discourse on Richard Strauss, Grieg, Dvorák, Brahms, MacDowell, or at least on their predecessors, Liszt, Wagner, and Berlioz, or Chopin and Schumann; but our Philadelphian calmly discusses Bach and Handel, Gluck (or Glück, as he persists in misspelling the name), Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, all of whom were dead three-quarters of a century ago! When the author does incidentally refer to a real modern tendency, he does it only to repeat such antiquated nonsense as that the modern opera "discards melody," and regards form as bondage, or that the *Leitmotiv* is merely the revival of an "old artifice"! In the other essays embraced in Professor Clarke's volume—on literary men and music, the Teutonic element in music, some musical myths, etc.—he is fortunately somewhat less Philadelphian.

Frances Gerard's book on Wagner and Bayreuth is a rehash of oft-told tales which may possibly appeal to those who have never read anything else on the subject. A few fresh biographic details have, however, been transferred to its pages from the recently published letters of Heckel. The author's treatment of the German language is not always kind.

Mr. Stratton's book on Mendelssohn is of a much higher type. It does not profess to furnish any new data, but it is a careful compilation of facts regarding the life and works of Mendelssohn, gathered from a great variety of sources, and presented in a readable manner. The author, though an admirer of his subject, is glad that the time when England "was inundated with diluted Mendelssohn" has almost entirely passed away. Mendelssohn lived only thirty-eight years. Mr. Stratton calls attention to the fact that he "was broken and worn at thirty-seven." On another page he states that "his brain had from boyhood been taxed excessively." Doubtless there was a connection between these two circumstances.

Nearly sixty of the hundred pages of Kullak's monograph on Beethoven's piano-playing, which Dr. Th. Baker has done into trustworthy and readable English, are devoted to a discussion of the proper execution of the trill. In the other pages, Dr. Kullak has busily compiled all the testimony published regarding the way in which Beethoven played his own sonatas. As the proper interpretation of these sonatas by modern virtuosi is the most disputed point in present-day criticism, the utility of this little volume is obvious. It will supply gunpowder for both camps, as the testimony varies. Perhaps Clementi best summed up the truth when he wrote, regarding

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Beethoven, that "his playing was but little cultivated, not seldom violent, but always full of spirit."

Mr. Pratt is professor of music and hymnology in the Hartford Theological Seminary. His little book addresses itself to ministerial candidates rather than to musicians, the subjects being "Religion and the Art of Music," "Hymns and Hymn-Singing," "The Choir," "The Organ and the Organist," "The Minister's Responsibility." There are also some carefully compiled lists of books on church music and of books on hymns and hymn-writers. It is a valuable little book for those whom it concerns. The author declares his hearty belief in choirs and choir music, and he thinks that "the musical leader is an assistant pastor."

Mr. Tomlins's collection of songs is intended for advanced classes in school and for choral societies, as well as domestic circles. It differs from most other similar collections in having a considerable number of contemporary American composers on the list—Waller, Hadley, Harris, Foote, Whiting, Chadwick, Huss, Parker, Gilchrist, and others, whose contributions are by no means unworthy of the company in which they appear. A special merit of these songs is that they are not set to translations, but in all cases to original verses of the best English and American poets. Mr. Tomlins, who has a national reputation as a successful chorus-trainer, has also taken great care to exclude cheap translations in the case of the foreign songs he has adopted. These include melodies by most of the great German and many English masters. It is an admirable collection.

Constantinople and its Problems: Its Peoples, Customs, Religions, and Progress. By Henry Otis Dwight, LL.D. Revell Co. 1901. Pp. 298.

It is long since we have had a sociological study like this—sociological in the broadest sense—of Constantinople. "Odysseus," in his recent admirable book on Turkey, developed more largely the historical side, not only of the Turks, but of the other Balkan peoples, and declined explicitly to enter upon a description of things in Constantinople itself. Here it is precisely Constantinopolitan affairs which are dealt with, and that not on the political side, but rather where politics are rooted, in the problems of the populace. For a missionary, Dr. Dwight is singularly free from prejudice of any kind. This is probably due, to some extent, to the metropolitan, or rather cosmopolitan, position which he held as head of the Bible House in Constantinople, but it is still more largely due to his own breadth of sympathy and keenness of insight. He evidently is not a case of the missionary of commerce, that most unfortunate development of our religious life, but a calm-eyed man who has seen and knows the world, and can have no sympathy with hysterics of one kind or another. In view of that, it is a pity that he has not allowed himself much more space, and secured for his book a better get-up than its present cheap-looking exterior. It might be one of the most commonplace of missionary publications.

Its dominant idea is a true and weighty one. Constantinople by its position must be one of the imperial cities of the world. There all the threads of western Asia run in and are knotted together; there one may sit and see the crowds pass and have a finger on the pulses beating from Samarcand to Morocco. It has held the gorgeous East in fee, and will do so again. Meanwhile, it is the centre of Islam, and missionary work and influence exerted there are felt wherever the Koran has gone. It is there that the Muslim problem exists in its quintessence, and there it must be studied and attacked. This the book goes on to do. The real Islam of to-day is stated tersely and fairly; as it is for good and for evil. There is no display of learning in this statement, but it has not either any of those inexplicable blunders which haunt the non-specialist when he meddles with the Faith of Muhammad. The Turkish woman question is described graphically and incisively. Evidently the Young Turks have achieved little yet in that matter; the few years of English rule in Egypt have done far more to shake those characteristic institutions. And in Turkey, as in Egypt, the remedy must lie in girls' schools. Those, above all, who think that woman in the East has little power or influence should read this chapter. The following one on the Eastern Church begins with much severe but true criticism. It ends with a confession, most refreshing from a missionary, that only through that church again become alive can the masses of western Asia be reached and helped. The problem is how to arouse the Church. For that and for the arousing of Turkey in general, Dr. Dwight holds that Western civilization in itself can have little value. There has been a European colony at Pera for years, and it has accomplished nothing but to bring Christianity into disrepute. The meeting there of East and West is most amusingly pictured, and more fully than we have seen elsewhere.

The last two chapters describe the school system in Constantinople—the ecclesiastical schools, if the term is allowable, in which the future Ulama are trained; the secular schools up to what is practically a university; and the different missionary enterprises from Robert College down—and the book trade as it is and is not. These chapters are admirable. They give a mass of information nowhere else brought together in English, and our regret is that they do not contain far more details. It is part of our general regret at the limits of an admirable book. We trust that Dr. Dwight will take this to heart, and give us a thorough and exhaustive study of Constantinople supplementing the present most interesting sketch.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Translated from the Arabic by E. W. Lane. With one hundred illustrations in photogravure by Stanley Wood. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1901. 6 vols.

Experience has accustomed us in Messrs. Dent's books to a combination of artistic excellence in the get-up and of scholarly excellence in the editing. But in this edition the scholarship has left us deplorably in the lurch, and the pity is the greater as there is actual need of a beautiful and not too expensive 'Arabian Nights' which could be read by all and offend or injure none. Family editions are usually the abomination of desolation, but 'The Nights' demand such. They demand, too, however, in their editors a keen æsthetic sense joined to self-restraint, discretion, and real knowledge. But it has been their unlucky fate to draw upon themselves, like captive queens of romance, the awkward caresses of the would-be learned. Amateur Orientalists hazard wondrous conjectures on their origin and nature, and the dear public takes it all very gravely. For that public, in its unconscious wisdom, remains calmly unlearned, and, for it, "The Nights" still pass in an undisturbed land of faery.

On its title-page this edition professes to contain the translation of Lane. As a matter of fact, that part of it which is derived from Lane is a reprint, page by page, and it may be from the same plates, of the edition of Mr. J. Jacobs in 1896, which, in its turn, was a reproduction of the editions of Lane published in 1847 and 1850 by John Murray. In these, Lane's commentary was cut away, and the old spelling of the proper names was restored. The anecdotes and short tales which Lane put in small type also vanished, and with them much of the characteristic flavor of the book. On Lane's protest, the two editions were withdrawn and suppressed. The present reprint follows Mr. Jacobs so closely that, in the table of contents, we have account taken of two appendices which the Jacobs edition has, but which here are fortunately absent. As for the few notes, which probably go back to the editions of 1847 and 1850, the less said about them the better. But in the "Foreword" we are further informed that this edition contains the additional tales to be found in Galland and not in Lane. That is true with a remarkable plus and a still more remarkable minus. The minus is of the entertaining story of "Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peri Banon," expressly mentioned in said "Foreword" and an illustration to which absurdly heads volume v.; also of the story of "Codadad and his Brothers," which we can better spare. The plus is of the tales first translated and printed by Jonathan Scott in the sixth volume of his edition of Galland in 1811. These are not given entire, nor do they seem ever to have been completely reprinted since that first edition. The illustrations are those which accompanied the reprint of Scott by Pickering in 1890. To put it shortly, we have here a reprint of Mr. Jacobs's edition of Lane and of the Pickering Scott, in which, when the same tales occur in both, the Jacobs Lane is given the preference. That all this should masquerade as Lane's translation shows, at the least, a singular elasticity of conscience.

Of the little "Foreword" we need not say much. Its unnamed author evidently derives his learning from Mr. Jacobs's preface, and, as that erudite essay is full of the most curious blunders, the disciple here comes off but sorrily. It may be enough to say that Professor de Goeje would probably be moved to mirth if he were to hear that his acute reconstruction of the references to Homai was "the generally accepted tradition of the origin" of 'The Nights,' and that "the probability is that the tradition here represents facts." Further, Aladdin has been found in an Arabic MS. of 'The Nights.' It may be worth while to draw attention to a converse blun-

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der in the life of Sir Richard Burton in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' (Suppl. i., p. 355), where we are told that the Arabic original of Ali Baba has come to light. In reality it is the one of Galland's tales to which we have yet no clue. Further, Lane's translation is by no means complete, though it is certainly the most scholarly. And, again, Lane's text is most emphatically "bowdlerized." Lastly, Lane's "monumental edition" was fully and, so far as Oriental tone is concerned, admirably illustrated. Mr. Stanley Wood's pictures may be artistic; as illustrations of 'The Nights' they cannot compete for a moment with those of Harvey or Letchford.

If there had been neither editor nor "Foreword," but simply a bibliographical note, as in the Temple series, referring to the two editions from which this book is derived, it would have been open to much less exception. But it seems to be the fate of 'The Nights' to draw upon themselves such attentions.

Culture and Restraint. By Hugh Black. Fleming H. Revell Co. 1901.

It is not an indifferent problem of abstract philosophy, but an urgent question of every-day life, that Mr. Black discusses in this fascinating volume. And it is not as a pedant, but as a practical man, that he deals with it, anxious not to spin plausible theories, but to give facts their exact weight. His work is that of a critic in the true sense of the word: he is not a special pleader, but recognizes both the merits and the defects of the opposing cases, with the result that his summing-up is a reconciliation. Not many books on ethical questions show such a breadth of sympathy with divergent views; and it is not often that we find one which, while free from casuistry, supplies its readers with such wholesome guidance for the direction of their own practice.

Its subject—the old conflict between Hebraism and Hellenism, self-repression and self-expression, restraint and culture—needs for its satisfactory treatment a more catholic spirit than commonly belongs to the partisans of either side. This equipment is possessed by Mr. Black, who knows, and rightly appreciates, his Montaigne as well as his Augustine. First he describes, with adequate understanding, the æsthetic ideal, and follows his account of it by a discussion of its value, laying special emphasis upon the test of history. He then proceeds to deal with the ascetic ideal in the same way. He attributes the failure of the latter to the facts—in addition to its creation of an artificial distinction in the ethical standard—that it raises into an end what can be justified only as a means; that it leaves out an essential element of the moral ideal, happiness, and is therefore led to look upon pain as in itself good; that it makes abstinence a higher virtue than temperance, and the evasion of natural responsibilities more worthy than the mastery of the temptations involved in them; and that it is on that account a mistake in method, spending its force on external and repressive rules. He therefore reaches the conclusion that, of the two ideals, that of culture is essentially higher than that of restraint, since culture is at least a positive end, and to some extent must include restraint as a means to reach its full fruition. His final solution is that, while neither culture for its own sake nor sacrifice for its own sake is a sufficient end, they each find scope and are made reasonable by the thought of service. This "does not mean that all must become professional or amateur philanthropists, but it does mean some form of consecration of gifts. The artist and poet serve by creating their works of beauty or of inspiring song, and to ask them to leave the spheres for which they are specially endowed, in order to work in a city slum, would be folly." This purpose combines both the fullest self-expression and the stern temper which takes self-discipline as a serious task. For the true moral of the brevity of life is not Pater's, that we should gather all we are into one desperate effort to see and touch by the stirring of the senses, but the better part mentioned by Amiel: "Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling the dark journey with us."

Australasia, Old and New. By J. Grattan Grey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. xvi, 396.

This is a readable, somewhat loosely written book. The author is a journalist, and his style shows it. "Old and New" is correctly descriptive of his treatment of the theme "Australasia." We are told most of the foundation and present condition of the several colonies. Their middle state is somewhat lightly passed over. Jenks's 'Australian Colonies,' of the Cambridge Historical Series, is a more evenly constructed book on the same subject, and has the great advantage of being furnished with an index. The reader who has both publications at hand may acquire a good working knowledge concerning Australasia.

Mr. Grey is to be commended for his sympathetic attitude towards the aborigines. We miss treatment of the complicated question of the employment of Kanaka labor in Queensland. He gives a gloomy enough history of the transportation period and system, which, with bushranging and the affair of the Eureka stockade in 1854, furnish so far the main picturesque incidents in the history of Australia proper. He is at times inclined to exaggerate horrors, as where he writes of Smith O'Brien's "dungeon" on Maria Island. The cottage he occupied, though small, was in truth cheerful, with a little garden. Taken as a whole, the book does not convey an unfair impression of Australian soil and climate; there are, however, passages that unduly extol it.

Mr. Grey would have done better to assimilate for this book information previously given by him in other books, instead of repeating whole paragraphs between quotation marks. It gives to his work an impression of *réchauffé* which it does not deserve. He holds decided opinions upon leading questions, calls New Zealand severely to task for not entering the new southern commonwealth, and is "convinced that, long before this century draws to an end, Australia will be an independent nation, politically and in all other respects." He "spent a very large portion" of his life in Australasia. This has in many respects fitted him for writing such a book as the present. In others he may have imbibed strong political prejudices. We know, although it is not mentioned by him here, that he was hardly treated by the New Zealand Government because of his sympathy with the Transvaal. (The Australian communities out-Heroded the mother country in their ungenerous attitude towards the minorities that opposed the war.) Whether unduly biassed or more clear-sighted than other observers, his views of New Zealand politics and experiments are gloomy in the extreme, and he has brought upon himself a storm of abuse, from both New Zealand and other parts of the world, from the advocates of principles being there tried in practice. "New Zealand abounds in politicians who are incapable of grasping the situation, whose ideals are not of a very lofty kind, and who fear, above all things else, . . . their own political extinction." He accuses them of having established "a reign of terror."

"So the whole community has been blighted by this reign of terror, by this policy of 'spoils to the victors, of punishments and rewards'; until feelings of personal interest have dominated all classes, sapped their manliness, and made them what they are—either arrant hypocrites or dumb, unresisting spectators of a system which should be fearlessly condemned by every honest man who has the real interests of a pure, untarnished democracy at heart."

He considers female suffrage in New Zealand to have proved a failure:

"Not only has it not fulfilled any one of the improving and refining services which were claimed for it when the measure was before Parliament, but, as an absolute fact, public and political life and the *personnel* of Parliament itself have degenerated to a most deplorable degree ever since the introduction of female franchise at Parliamentary elections in that colony."

Of the old-age pension scheme he writes: "The system at work there is not a solution of the problem: it is outdoor relief pure and simple, with the high-sounding title of old-age pensions applied to it." In like manner he considers that the boards for settlement of disputes between employers and employed have not answered their purpose: "These boards are a constant source of irritation to employers, and the cost and loss of time entailed upon employers and employed is enormous."

These are not times when we can well afford to have dashed more of our old golden anticipations for humanity. Mr. Gray's book claims the careful consideration of reformers.

Christopher in his Sporting Jacket. By John Wilson (Christopher North). Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1901.

This handsome little book is a reprint of the article which originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, 1823, and is included in the 'Recreations.' Christopher North is thought by many to have been the best writer of his day on sport, and this little volume treats of all varieties of out-door amusements of the time, from rat-catching to deer-stalking, at all of which, as well as every form of athletic exercises, "Christopher" was proficient. The angling chapters, with which the volume commences, are charming in their descriptions of the natural healthy boy beginning his pastime with a minnow and ending with a salmon. Then follows shooting, and so on, with various excursions into other themes of nature, art, and literature, all

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treated in the fascinating, simple, manly way native to Christopher North.

It is a great service to literature that these articles are reprinted in so attractive a form, and it is to be hoped that they may bring to many of the younger generation a knowledge they will increase by a larger acquaintance with the books of this wonderful and versatile professor, of whom a distinguished writer says, "I can never read the 'Recreations' without a feeling of exaltation and delight, as if I were treading the heather beside 'Christopher in his Sporting Jacket,' with the free breezes of the Highlands tingling in my cheeks."

Practical X-Ray Work. By Frank J. Addyman. London: Scott, Greenwood & Co.; New York: The Van Nostrand Co. 1901. 8vo, pp. 207. With twelve plates and 52 cuts.

Being really well written and put together with good judgment, this book better deserves mention than the common run of technical publications. It treats amply of every part of its art without being swamped by inutilities. The historical division of the work is naturally brief. More than half of it is taken up with discussing the advantages of different forms of apparatus, sources of electricity, coils, tubes, air-pumps, screens, localizers, etc. Then there are chapters on Installations, Radioscopy, Radiography, and the applications of the new art to dentistry, to chemistry, and to war. Much depends upon the fact that, other things being equal, opacity to X-rays is apparently increased by the presence of an element of high atomic weight, although nothing that can be called a law has been formulated. But lead glass is far more opaque than soda glass; Iceland spar than silica or alumina; imitations than genuine precious stones (exclusive of the pearl). The application of X-rays to examinations of the roots of teeth and their surroundings must be a matter of no little difficulty; which explains a chapter being devoted to it. The localization of what is seen is a branch of the art which time will, no doubt, greatly improve. At present, it is done on the principle of a plane-table triangulation, but with various sorts of instruments. Apparatus depending upon our natural stereoscopic judgments has hitherto been found too troublesome.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashmore, S. G. A Brief Survey of the Writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus. The Grafton Press.
Beacon Biographies: (1) Schouler, James. Alexander Hamilton; and (2) Carpenter, G. R. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Bell's Miniature Series of Painters: (1) Williamson, G. C. Fra Angelico; (2) Bell, Malcolm. Sir Edward Burne-Jones; (3) Williamson, G. C. Velasquez. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan.
Biblical and Semitic Studies. (Yale Bi-Centennial Publications.) Scribners. $2.50.
Brownell, Elizabeth B. Dream Children. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co. 95 cents.
Burroughs, John. Songs of Nature. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Caffin, C. H. Photography as a Fine Art. Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.
Capps, Edward. From Homer to Theocritus. Scribners. $1.50.
Carrion, M. R., and Aza, Vital. Zaragüeta. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Carruth, W. H. Schiller's Die Braut von Messina. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Castiglione, Baldesar. The Book of the Courtier. Scribners.
Colton, Arthur. "The Debatable Land." Harpers. $1.50.
Curtis, D. A. The Science of Draw Poker. Published by the Author.
Daudet, Alphonse. (1) Letters from My Mill; (2) Monday Tales. (Little Masterpieces.) Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.
Daskam, Josephine D. The Best Nonsense Verses. Evanston (Ill.): William S. Lord.
Davis, R. H. Her First Appearance. Harpers.
Digby, W. 'Prosperous' British India: A Revelation from Official Records. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Fuller, H. B. Under the Skylights. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Gamble, Rev. H. R. Sunday and the Sabbath. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Gates, Josephine S. The Story of Live Dolls. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co. $1.
Gummere, Amelia Mott. The Quaker: A Study in Costume. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach. $3.
Happy Playtimes. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Hardy, Thomas. Poems of the Past and the Present. Harpers. $1.60.
Hassall, Arthur. The French People. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Hird, Frank. King Fritz's A. D. C. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Holmes, Edmond. Walt Whitman's Poetry: A Study and a Selection. John Lane.
Ilchester, Countess of, and Stavordale, Lord. The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826. 2 vols. London: John Murray; New York: Scribners. $9.
Kuhns, Oscar. The German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania. H. Holt & Co.
La Mara. Franz Liszt's Briefe an die Fürstin Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein. III. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. 7 marks.
Lawrence, Katherine D. The Fairy Dream. Bonnell, Silver & Co. 60 cents.
Lee, Dr. G. H. Kith and Kin. Washington, D. C.: The Neale Co.
Lounsbury, T. R. Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist. Scribners. $3.
Merriman, H. S. The Velvet Glove. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Meynell, Alice. Later Poems. John Lane. $1.
Morgan, T. H. Regeneration. Macmillan. $3.
Morison, M. Time Table of Modern History: A. D. 400-1870. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $3.50.
Morris, M. C. F. The Vowel-Sounds of the East Yorkshire Folk-Speech. Henry Frowde.
Murger, Henry. The Latin Quarter. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Peabody, Josephine P. Marlowe: a Drama in Five Acts. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Ramsay, William. Modern Chemistry: Theoretical and Systematic. 2 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan.
Rankin, Reginald. Wagner's Nibelungen Ring. Done into English Verse. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Rathery, E. J. B. Journal and Memoirs of the Marquis d'Argenson. 2 vols. Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co.
Riley, J. W. Riley Farm Rhymes. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Rousiers, Paul de. Les Syndicats Industriels at Producteurs en France et à l'Etranger. Paris: Armand Colin.
Salvarona. The Wisdom of Passion. Boston: Mystic River Book Co. $2.
Sheldon, H. D. Student Life and Customs. (International Education Series.) D. Appleton & Co. $1.20.
Singleton, Esther. The Furniture of Our Forefathers. Parts VI., VII., and VIII. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Stedman, E. C. Mater Coronata: Recited at the Bicentennial Celebration of Yale University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Tilton, G. H. A Memorial of Marshall Henshaw. Cambridge (Mass.): University Press.
Tennyson, Alfred. In Memoriam. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Trübner, K. Minerva Jahrbuch der Gelehrten Welt. Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner; New York; Lemcke & Buechner.
Vielé, H. K. The Last of the Knickerbockers: A Comedy Romance. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

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